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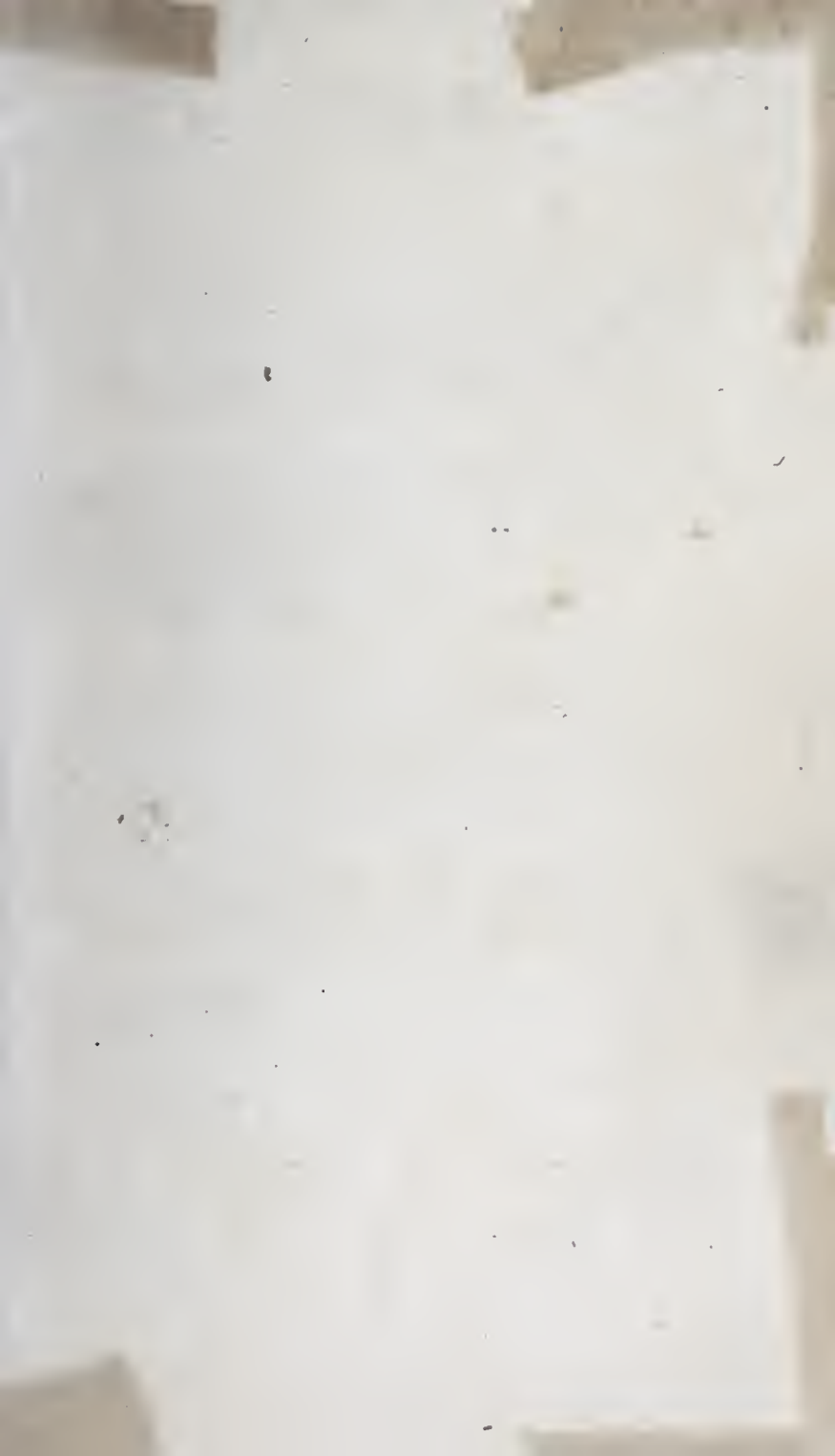
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THE
DIVERTING HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL
AND
BROTHER JONATHAN.

BY HECTOR BULL-US.

NEW EDITION.

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THE
DIVERGING HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

CHAPTER I.

How Squire Bull quarrelled with his youngest Son, Brother Jonathan, and forced him out in the woods ; and how the Squire, when Jonathan had cleared away the woods, grew to be very fond of him, and undertook to pick his pockets, but got handsomely rib-roasted for his pains.

Library
JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great millpond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called *Bullock Island*. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceeding good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of jack of all trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a
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devilish quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbours, but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people his neighbours—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called BROTHER JONATHAN, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his *doctors*, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of *thirty-nine different articles*, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villanous wry faces,

and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat, and paddled over the millpond to some new lands to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labours, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms*: and building himself a fine frame house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides, was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbours and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare: so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a

good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holyday occasions ; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time, Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait, and simple in his appearance ; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways ; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers with a huge bagging seat, which seemed to have nothing in it. This made people to say he had no *bottom* ; but whoever said so lied, as they found to their cost whenever they put Jonathan in a passion. He always wore a linsey-woolsey coat, that did not above half cover his breech, and the sleeves of

which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together ; till at last, one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the TEA-KETTLE at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged ; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time ; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan for ever.

CHAPTER II.

How Jonathan made good the old saying, that a man don't know when he is well off, and got married.

As soon as Jonathan had thus, as it were, disinherited his father and set up for himself, he, like other young fellows just out of leading-strings, thought it high time to get a wife. So he got himself an excellent one from among the tenants, by whose aid he prospered exceedingly. But when old Mrs. Bull, Squire Bull's wife, of whom I shall speak more anon, heard that Jonathan had taken to himself a helpmate, and begun housekeeping on his own account, without asking her consent, she flew into a great passion and scolded roundly. This madam, though Jonathan's own mother, never much liked the poor fellow, and it was all along of her advice that Squire Bull kept the lad so short of money; for Mrs. Bull used to insist upon it that young boys should never be allowed any pocket-money: it only led them into mischief and bad company.

As soon as she found out Jonathan's marriage, she went to Squire Bull, and talked away just as old women are used to do to their husbands. She told Bull the poor stripling would be ruined by his wife, who was a low-bred, impertinent minx, that

nobody knew. "I tell thee, John," quoth madam, "that this poor silly fellow is no more fit to marry than the child unborn, and will come to naught as sure as you are alive, if you don't take means to get him out of the hands of this little upstart, ill-bred, illegitimate minx." All this while the squire would be walking about, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, and his head drooping on one side, whistling as people do when they don't know what to say.

Then the old lady would put on her hat and cloak, sally forth among the gossips of the neighbourhood, and complain of this daughter-in-law. She would turn up her nose at her, and declare she would never acknowledge her, not she—a good-for-nothing, impudent hussy, to thrust herself into so respectable a family as Squire Bull's. "For my part," exclaimed she, "I sha'n't take the least notice of her, not I—as they have brewed so they must bake; as they make the bed so they must lie in it;" together with a number of other equally wise sayings. Then she tried to persuade the neighbours not to visit Mrs. Jonathan, and absolutely quarrelled with several of them for acknowledging her as Jonathan's wife.

As to Mrs. Jonathan, she was not much behind-hand with old Mrs. Bull; and when she heard of the old lady's giving herself such high flights, would put her arms akimbo and exclaim, "Marry come up! I wonder, forsooth, who Mrs. Bull is—a

mighty great madam, to be sure, to give herself such airs. Why, it is but the other day that old Oliver What-d'ye-callum kicked her *rump* for her, and turned her out of Squire Bull's house in a jiffy. In good truth, madam, my lady mother had better look at home and mind her own affairs, I can tell her that."

But what provoked old Mrs. Bull more than any thing else was, that her daughter-in-law used to dress just like the old lady, and imitate her on all occasions, insomuch that people would say that Mrs. Jonathan was very much like her mother-in-law, and considering her education, behaved herself quite like a lady.

These family disturbances used to annoy Jonathan not a little; but however, he found great reason to be satisfied with his wife, who turned out to be a very notable woman and right thrifty house-keeper, so that when she died, she left behind her among the tenants an excellent name, though old Mrs. Bull could never bear to hear her mentioned. By her advice and assistance, Jonathan prospered in all his affairs; his farms grew more valuable every year; the number of his tenants increased rapidly; and so successful was he in all his speculations, that the old neighbours prophesied if Jonathan lived to be an old man, he would be one of the richest of his day.

In a little time the tenants began to build a great many boats, to carry their grain to different parts

of the great millpond, insomuch that you could hardly go into any part of it without meeting them. This made Squire Bull not a little jealous, for he was the greatest boatman that ever was known, and could not bear to see Brother Jonathan, whom in his cups he called a rebellious rascal, prosper so handsomely in his affairs.

But young Jonathan went on steadily, without troubling himself about his neighbours business ; and by dint of regular living, plain diet, and wholesome exercise, daily acquired strength, until at last he grew so stout, that though he did not know much about boxing or cudgel-playing, he was able to wrestle a fall with any lad of his age in all the neighbourhood. Still you could see he had not come to half his strength as yet ; and that when his sinews were a little hardened, and his joints stronger knit, wo be to the blockhead that should wantonly provoke him to raise his fist, for it would come down like unto a sledge-hammer !

CHAPTER III.

How Squire John got a flea in his ear, and how his fingers itched to get the whole millpond under his thumb.

AFTER this great quarrel, John Bull and Brother Jonathan continued on speaking terms, and seemed quite reconciled; but it was all grimace on the squire's part, for he could never forgive poor Jonathan for making him give up the farms in the way he did. But Jonathan, though in the scuffle with Bull he had got some scratches, the scars of which remained a long time, I verily believe felt many yearnings of affection for his old dad, and if he had been treated with any sort of fatherly kindness, would have loved him with all his heart. Yet the old fellow never missed a chance of doing Jonathan an ill turn, and wherever they met would be biting his thumb, and snapping his fingers at him. All which Jonathan put up with on account of the respect he still could not help feeling for the father that begat him. In his heart he made all sorts of excuses for him, considering he was old, infirm, and almost in his dotage.

The squire, by reason of his living on an island, kept a huge parcel of boats to ply to and again to different parts of the great millpond, which was a good many leagues about, and where he sent vast

quantities of his blacksmith's work, and excellent porter. . By this means his tenants grew to be exceeding expert boatmen, and would venture out at all times, let the wind blow ever so hard.

John, instead of being satisfied with this, was every now and then ripping up an old claim, which, if his ancestors ever enjoyed, had been given up long before. The foundation of the claim was this : It seems some of the Bull family being great boasters in their cups, used now and then to pretend, that because they had the greatest number of boats, they ought to be lords of the millpond, which they swore was part of the manor of Bullock.

This notion took highly among their tenants, but their neighbours only laughed at it till one of these doughty fellows went out upon the millpond, and undertook to make them all pull off their hats, as a sort of compliment for his great good-nature in letting them sail their boats there. Then they thought the joke was going too far, and great disputes were carried on for many years. At last this big fellow got his bitters ; for chancing one day to meet an old neighbour of his, one Mynheer Van Tromp, a great fisherman, catching herrings, he swore he should pull off his hat, or else push off and not fish any more. Mynheer Van Tromp smoked on, without taking any notice, upon which John Bull's ancestor undertook to lay hold of his hat to pull it off ; but Van Tromp, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, gave him such a pat on

the head with his paddle, that he was glad enough to let mynheer's broad brim alone after that. But for all this, the Bulls would now and then, whenever they could do it safely, revive these pretensions, which they never could be brought to give up until they were fairly cudgelled out of them by the neighbours. Whenever this happened, they always took care to reserve the right, as they called it, though they gave up the exercise of it; and if the least pretence offered, would be at their old capers again.

John Bull, the subject of our history, by reason of his being troubled with a lack of understanding, was obliged to trust his business altogether to a parcel of hireling servants; who, as is always the case, managed to cheat him out of the profits of his manor, until at last he grew quite poor, and lived pretty much by borrowing and other shifts. The squire was not a little nettled at this, and forthwith ordered them to make out their accounts to see how matters stood. These cunning varlets were not a little frightened at being brought to a reckoning, but they soon devised a scheme to hum John a little. This was no other than persuading the poor noddy that the great amount of his debts was a proof of his vast riches. This was a little too deep for Bull's sounding-line; but when a man does not know his own business, it is absolutely necessary that he should believe in somebody; and so the squire shrugged up his shoulders, and said,

“I suppose it must be so, and all that sort of thing—but hang me if I can make it out.”

But these false rogues, knowing that the truth must come out at last, because John was even obliged to borrow money of his tenants in order to pay them their own interest, and that he must fail unless his means increased greatly, did put it into his head to get all the business of the millpond into his own hands, under the old pretence that the whole of it belonged to him, and that he had all along permitted the neighbours to use it out of his own good will.

This was tickling John just where he liked it; but he had somehow or other, I don't know how, managed to get among his tenants the character of a mighty honest fellow; and he knew if he lost this, by being too barefaced in his injustice towards his neighbours, the tenants would not lend him any more money. It was therefore proper, in order to keep up his good name, to find out some cunning pretext by which he might satisfy the tenants and quiet his own conscience. The squire belonged to that class of honesty which scruples much less at doing wrong than in being found out. To such folks a poor excuse is better than none; and luckily, while they were casting about in great perplexity, John's great enemy and rival, Beau Napperty, helped him to one of the neatest in the world. It is proper to say a few words of this Beau, who will act no small part in this renowned history.

CHAPTER IV.

Of Beau Napperty ; and what sort of a chap he was.

It is not worth while to tell how old Lewis Baboon, an honest fellow enough, was killed by his tenants in a drunken frolic ; and how his neighbour, Squire Bull, with one *Fred Brandenberger*,* and the *old President of the College*,† first made believe they wanted to get back his estate for his heirs, and then began to carve it out among themselves. Fred and the old President did not care two coppers for the Baboons, but took sides with John, because he supplied them with spending money, paid their scores wherever they went, and tickled their vanity by patting them on the back, and calling them the deliverers of the neighbourhood. This was the way with John, who always paid the piper, let who would dance. -

It is well known that these three fellows, in trying to get each a slice of the manor of Frogmore, as that of the Baboons was called, got their fingers burnt to a blister, and were glad enough to get home as well as they could, especially when little Beau Napperty took up the cudgel.

* King of Prussia, Elector of Brandenburg.

† Emperor of Austria, head of the Electoral College.

Beau Napperty, as I have heard say, was called Beau because he was no beau at all; but though the greatest soldier of his day, wore a little three-cornered cocked hat without any feather, and would have cut no figure among our militia officers on training-days. Some great generals, who shall be nameless, seem to think the finer soldiers are dressed the better they will fight; but it was not so with little Beau Napperty, who, with a parcel of ragamuffins without breeches, did not care a fig for the best man in all the neighbourhood. It must be confessed, however, that he wore a most monstrous sword, which he could hardly drag along after him; and those who could see a great way into a mill-stone, prophesied he would soon wear himself out by trailing this huge toasting-iron. He was withal one of the most active little fellows in the world; it seemed that he could be in two places at a time; and I can tell you that whoever got to windward of him must sail right in the wind's eye, and get up before daylight. He carried a great pinchbeck box in his breeches pocket, out of which he took snuff every half minute. He was, moreover, a lad of great mettle, and would not turn his back on the best man that ever stepped.

Beau Napperty was born in a little scrubby island, not far from the manor of Frogmore; and there being no schoolmasters thereabouts, was sent to an academy in the latter place, where he studied club-law with all his might, and it is said, practised

it on the pates of his school-fellows. He was all the time playing soldier, and strutting about in a paper cocked hat, a wooden sword, and marching ahead of the boys with as much gravity as if he had been a general. They say he was as proud as Lucifer, and did not much mind robbing an orchard or stealing water-melons ; though he never betrayed his accomplices, but stuck to them like a hearty fellow. Many other stories were told about him, little to his credit, but I don't vouch for their truth ; because when he got to be a great man he fell out with John Bull, who is one of those old fellows that fight and scold at the same time, and if they can't beat you, are pretty sure to take away your good name.

Beau Napperty was quite a lad when old Lewis Baboon was killed by his tenants in a drunken frolic. In the confusion that followed he took part with the tenants ; who after squabbling and fighting with each other about who should be lord of the manor, setting up one and putting down another, and running riot at an awful rate, like so many Indians, at last quietly suffered Beau Napperty to put the bit into their mouths, and ride over them rough shod, as the saying is. They wanted a master, and they got one, with a heart and a hand stout enough to hold in a team of wild horses.

After this he was always in hot water with his neighbours, especially Squire Bull, with whom he had many a bout at cudgel-playing. He almost

always beat John on land, and John always beat him on the water ; so that each had one of the elements to brag on ; and as one scuffle balanced the other, neither of them was likely to give out. Some people said this everlasting bickering was the fault of Beau Napperty, and some laid it all to Squire Bull. For my part, I could never make head or tail of it ; and finally came to the conclusion, that these quarrels, like most others I have seen in my day, were brought about by faults on both sides. It takes two people to make a fight, as it does a flint and a steel to strike fire. Be this as it may, betwixt Beau Napperty, John Bull, and his friends, the whole neighbourhood was kept in a turmoil, from the time I was a little boy until I grew up to be a man, and became a justice of the peace on one of Jonathan's farms.

But whoever began the quarrel, Squire Bull certainly struck the first blow ; for I happened to be looking on at the time, as I shall relate in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

How Squire Bull took a violent liking to Lewis Baboon (after he was dead), and in company with one Fred Brandenberger, and the old President of the College, set about getting the Manor of Frogmore for his heirs, as they said.

Now, after the death of Lewis Baboon, John Bull, who bitterly hated him and his whole generation when alive, began to speak well of them, and to talk that it was a shame for this upstart fellow, Beau Napperty, to be suffered to hold the manor of Frogmore. In short, he worked himself up into a violent fit of compassion and generosity; inso-much that he determined to set about recovering this inheritance for his particular friends the Baboons, as he said. He forthwith went to work, and sent over whole boat-loads of his tenants, to join the tenants of Fred Brandenberger and the old president, both of whom agreed, from pure love of the Baboons and of Bull's guineas, to help along the good old cause, as it was called.

Before they set out, however, these three wise fellows clubbed their brains together, and put up a public notice in divers places, calling upon Baboon's ancient tenants to rise up and kick Beau Napperty out of the manor. They also set forth their long friendship and intimacy with old Lewis

Baboon, who, they swore, was one of the best landlords that ever broke bread; and finally professed the greatest regard, not only for the rights and welfare of the good tenants of Frogmore, but likewise of the whole neighbourhood.

Now this was a good one; for everybody knew that Fred Brandenberger and the old President of the College cared no more for their own tenants, much less those of other people, than if they were so many beasts. True it is these tenants were the greater part a set of mean-spirited rascals, who suffered their overseers to kick and cuff them about like dirt; and by dint of having their rents raised every quarter-day, their fields laid waste, and their sons taken off by recruiting parties, had become so miserably poor, that they were on the very verge of starving. It must, however, be confessed, that Bull's tenants were better off, though their rents were so high that they hardly knew which way to turn themselves to raise the money. In order to pay these rents, they were the greater part of them forced to live upon bread and cheese, and small beer. Yet for all this, they sung songs about *roast beef*; so that though their bellies were filled with bread and cheese, and windy small beer, their fancy teemed with sirloins of beef, which fancy was fully equivalent to the best meal in the world. They were also allowed the privilege of grumbling, provided they grumbled in reason; of

which John's attorney, one Vicary Gibbs, was to be the sole judge.

However, Brandenberger and the old president, who knew their tenants were obliged to believe just what they were pleased to tell them, went and pasted up on the gallows and whipping-posts that abound in their manors an advertisement, calling upon them to come forth and defend their rights, properties, and the good old customs of the manor, against that quarrelsome fellow Beau Napperty, the enemy of right, the friend of wrong, the oppressor of his tenants, and the general disturber of the whole neighbourhood. Then, in order that their tenants might be fully convinced of their own happy condition, they sent round their overseers and bailiffs to take from the tenants what little they had left, for the purpose, as they said, of being the better able to defend the remainder; and if they refused, to cudgel them into a proper estimation of their rights and liberties.

The honest tenants wondered, as usual, where these mighty blessings they were thus called upon to defend were hid; and puzzled their heads to little purpose to comprehend how the peace of the neighbourhood was to be preserved by setting it together by the ears; but they soon had their wits quickened by a proper application of chains and cudgels, and at the same time Bull's sturdy fellows were handsomely cheated into the matter by Mrs.

Bull, who was a great talker, and could almost make black appear the white of your eye.

As many battles and cudgelling bouts will take place in the course of this history, it may be just as well to explain how it happened that Bull and the rest of them did not now and then get clapped up for these breaches of the peace. The truth of the matter is, that John and the rest of the old landlords, though they always put the laws in force against the tenants, paid special little attention to any statute but that of club-law, and never abided by the opinion of any justice, unless it was in their favour. They had, to be sure, a sort of a system of laws among them; but nobody could ever tell what it was exactly, for they never could agree about it themselves. Whenever there was any dispute, it was mostly settled by a bruising-match, in which all the tenants took part; and the party that got beat was held to be in the wrong. The constables and justices, being generally under the thumbs of the landlords, kept out of the way when there was going to be a battle; and so it came to pass that all their disputes were finally settled by the great statute of club-law.

CHAPTER VI.

Of Mrs. Bull; and how she made good the old saying, that the gray mare is the better horse.

It was an old practice in the Bull family, that the young heir, immediately on succeeding to the estate, should choose a wife. This custom, I have heard, originated in a few pranks of the ancient Bulls, who are known to have been some of them very mischievous fellows, insomuch that they were continually poaching about and tampering with the tenants' wives, some of whom got their virtue not a little singed.

The manner of choosing John's helpmate is this:—The tenants are apprized that on such a day they are to assemble together to select the squire a wife, to take care of the interior of his house, and keep his *back warm*; and also to watch over the welfare of his tenants, as well as to give her husband good advice. The tenants accordingly meet together, and the first thing they do is to get drunk as pipers, in order to be the better able to see clear. When this ceremony is over, they give their voices, some for one and some for another; and she who has the most voices in her favour is immediately put into a great chair, and carried

about by the tenants with great rejoicing. After this, those who have had time to grow sober all get drunk again, and then go home mightily tickled with their day's work. And this is always the way in which the wives of the Bull family are chosen.

John Bull in his day had several wives, some of them no better than they should be, and one in particular that fairly drove him out of his house, as may be seen by consulting the records of the manor. His present wife, though not such a termagant as some that he had, was yet one of the most extravagant hussies in the world, and spent John's money faster than he could earn it, a great deal. And then her character was not a little flyblown, for people did not scruple to say that Bull's overseers took great liberties when his back was turned, and in fact did pretty much what they pleased with her.

Be this as it may, one of the first things this lady did was to set about raising some money to pay the expense of turning out Beau Napperty, and restoring the Baboons to the manor of Frogmore; for as to Squire Bull, he could not get money to buy a pot of beer without asking his wife for it.

In order to induce the tenants to come out handsomely, and consent to the raising of their rents, madam began to cry out rape and murder as hard as she could; and told them that Beau Napperty had a design to come over with a great parcel of boats, to burn their houses and barns, turn them all

out of their farms, and pick their pockets handsomely besides. Now Bull's tenants have always been noted for swallowing whales, and accordingly they were horribly affrighted when they heard what was coming to pass. They told madam to take away every thing they had in the world, and moreover got together, armed with cudgels, broom-staffs, pitchforks, and what not, determined to defend their empty pockets to the last extremity, and pummel the Beau to his heart's content if he offered to meddle with Madam Bull. It was truly a laughable sight to see them parading backwards and forwards along the beach, beating the water into a foam with their staffs, and insulting women and children most manfully, just like veteran soldiers.

When John saw himself so strongly backed, he snapped his fingers, kissed his wife, who he swore was an honest wench, and considered the business as good as done. He had not the least doubt that in a little time his *dear friends*, the Baboons, would hold up their heads as high as he, Squire Bull, chose to let them.

CHAPTER VII.

How Squire Bull sent over a party of his tenants to kill frogs in the great *Bog-Meadow*, and how they caught a Tartar instead of a Bullfrog.

BULL about this time had a tall, lank-sided, sharp-nosed *Overseer*, who always had his hair tied up in a long queue, and wore a pair of breeches that reached about to the middle of his knee-pan. He was thought by those who knew him best to be an honest fellow, and a good friend to John; but a quarrelsome dog, that loved a bout at cudgel-playing above all things, and hated Beau Napperty worse than Satan himself. To gratify this hatred, he did not care how much money he wasted; and as long as he could get at the tenants' coffers by means of John's wife, who kept the keys, he did not care whether the squire had money to pay his score or not. In the course of a few years he ran poor John in debt up to the ears, insomuch that it was and is still supposed that he will never be able to pay a quarter of it, if he were to live fifty years longer.

This thunderbolt of a fellow, finding John one day in a humour to do a silly thing, put it into his

wise head to play Beau Napperty a trick by sending some of his tenants across the millpond, to break down the fences, fill up the ditches, and burn the haystacks, in a large bog-meadow called *Bellygium*, from the portly bellies of the honest ditchers that had burrowed in the mud there. This place Beau Napperty had somehow got into his possession, and by reason of its being low and subject to overflowings, it abounded with fine large frogs, of which the Beau and his tenants were exceedingly fond. Now the cunning overseer did persuade Squire Bull, that if he could only once get possession of this bog-meadow, the tenants of Frogmore would labour under such a scarcity of frogs, that as sure as a gun they would get into a passion, and turn Beau Napperty out of the manor neck and heels.

John thought this the very wisest plan he had ever heard of in the whole course of his life. He forthwith swallowed a huge flagon of small beer, a liquor exceedingly potent in sharpening a man's wits ; rubbed his hands with great glee ; put his forefinger to his nose, with a most knowing bend of his head towards the right, and then ordered his son *Fred* to be called.

*Fred** was a stout, brawny young fellow, originally intended for a *parson*, though I cannot learn that he ever preached, except over his liquor. Not liking a parson's life much, he enlisted in the army ;

* Frederick, Duke of York, and Bishop of Osnaburg.

and by dint of mounting guard a few times, wearing a great cocked hat and a red coat, swearing stoutly, and drinking deeply, acquired great experience, and rose to be a jolly royster of a corporal. When John saw Fred come strutting into the parlour, looking like a most invincible bully-rock, he was wellnigh tickled to death with his gallant deportment, and swore that none but Corporal Fred should go with the party to kill frogs in the great meadow. Then did Bull gather together a great many boats and catamarans; he put many of his most expert tenantry aboard, and fairly pushed them off, with orders not to spare a single soul among all the frogs.

Now when the fractious little Beau Napperty heard that Bull had sent over his tenantry to commit trespass upon his marshes, he fell into one of the greatest passions ever known, and swore that Parson Fred should rue the hour he came over into his pastures. Then did he gather a great body of his tenants from all parts of the manor of Frogmore; then did he make a speech of one minute and a half, the longest he ever made, in which he exhorted them to defend right valiantly their beloved frogs; assuring them at the same time, that if any of them got a black eye or broken head in the scuffle, they should every mother's son of them be made corporals. He then threw his cocked hat into the air, and bawled out liberty and equality as if the old boy had been in him. Upon this the

light-heeled Frogmoreans cut a caper full two yards high, and scampered off fully resolved to carbonado Parson Fred pretty handsomely.

Everybody knows the upshot of this business, so there is no occasion for me to tell it over again. Suffice it to say, that Parson Fred played his old pranks. Instead of keeping his party together, and looking out for the Frogmoreans and the frogs, he was always carousing it lustily ; inquiring me out where the best taverns were, and where he could find store of goodly, plump, round, rosy-faced wenches, of which last he was mightily fond, inso-much that he would almost give up his liquor for them.

While he was thus wasting his time, the Frogmoreans came a singing songs, cutting capers like grasshoppers, and flourishing their broom-staffs, with full intention of giving Bull's tenants a how-d'ye-do that they would not forget as long as they lived. John's fellows, as they always do, stood to it manfully ; and if Corporal Fred had kept himself sober, they would most likely have played the mischief with the frogs, and laid a great many of them on their backs. But honest *Fred*, instead of minding his eye, was, as usual, busily employed carousing it away, so that in a little time it was found necessary to *fall back*—a cant phrase of John Bull, who is famous for cant and slang—and which means running away as fast as legs can carry you. This *falling back* continued till they

found themselves near the shores of the millpond; when, not being able to fall back any farther unless they fell into the water, they were obliged to promise the Frogmoreans, that if they would let them go about their business, they would promise never to come there again.

The Frogmoreans consented with great pleasure, being heartily glad to get rid of such a set of sturdy dogs, who every one took as much thrashing as a good sheaf of wheat. As for the honest Belgians, or Bellygians, they would actually have rejoiced too at the departure of the roystering parson and his buxom crew, had their phlegmatic dispositions admitted of such a great exertion.

Squire Bull was inclined to grumble at the ill success of this frog party, more especially when he came to look over Fred's tavern-bill; he made wry faces, and had a great mind to bastinado the corporal, until his slim overseer, with the short breeches, told him it was one of the most *brilliant affairs* that ever happened; and that though there was not much profit got by it, there was a vast deal of honour. He likewise assured him that though Corporal Fred was a little too fond of the bottle, yet when he was sober he was quite a match for the pope, the d—l, and Beau Napperty together. Bull, who was as much afraid of the pope as a child is of a bugaboo, and with about the same reason, was tickled to the heart to hear he had such a bully in his family, and forthwith began

now to assume the airs of a gigantic champion and invincible boxer.

Instead of minding his business as he used to do, weaving his cloth, and keeping his forge going, he did nothing but flourish his cudgel, swearing at the same time that one of his tenants would thrash two Frogmoreans, and that he would soon do Beau Napperty's business for him, that's what he would.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Squire Bull incontinently turned knight-errant, and went about righting the wrongs of all his neighbours, in such a manner that they all wished in their hearts he would mind his own affairs, and let them alone.

It was about this time, I think, that Bull took it into his wise head, that being such a valiant boxer and expert cudgel-player, besides his being able to go through the horse-exercise with the broadsword, it was his business not only to take care of his own tenants, but also of all his neighbours. Accordingly, when any of the neighbours complained of Beau Napperty, John took their part without making the least inquiry into who was right or who was wrong. He was always ready to help them along, though in general they were the most beggarly tatterdemalians in the world, and heartily deserved what they got for suffering their own landlords to impose upon them as they did.

I will give an instance of Bull's humorous and laughable knight-errantry, as a specimen of his mode of righting his neighbours' wrongs. Adjoining the manor of Frogmore, at no great distance from Bullock Island, there is a long POINT puts out far into the millpond, which belonged to an old

fellow who boasted of his great family, and used to tell everybody that his manor was so extensive that the sun never set upon it. Puffed up with his vast landed property, he took great state upon himself, and passed his time like a perfect gentleman, without doing any thing but play the fiddle and ride a hunting. In fact, he thought himself such a high fellow, though a most ignominious poltroon and notorious cuckold, that he lorded it over his tenants as if they were so many beasts of burden. What with raising of rents, paying the parsons, of whom our stout lord himself stood in great awe, and the consequent idleness of the tenants, who had no spirit to work for the d—l and find themselves, as they said, the manor, though excellent land, had got to be quite barren for want of cultivation. The tenants also, though once a lively, industrious set of fellows, were now little better than a pack of ignorant, superstitious knaves, so that every one that saw them thought it was high time that the old codger of a landlord was turned out, and somebody else put in his place.

Now Beau Napperty, who was a stanch admirer of the rights of men, and liked to keep them all to himself, having a great parcel of poor relations to provide for, thought to himself that he would take away the manor, and give it to his brother *Joe*. So what does my gentleman do but invite Don Carlos, as he was nicknamed, and his family, to come and take potluck with him. They accepted

his invitation, bringing with them all the children ; and Beau Napperty took good care they should not find their way home again. Then he sent his brother Joe to take possession of the manor, by the grace of God, as he was pleased to term it. The first thing Joey's people did was to rob a church, by which he got a good swarm of priests about his ears. They forthwith called Joey all sorts of names ; and exhorted the tenants to rise up in defence of the invaluable privilege of being plundered by Don Carlos.

The tenants found this but reasonable ; and coming from all quarters, began to rain such a shower of dry blows on Joey, that he was fain to make a precipitate retreat from his farmhouse of Mad-ride, so called because the tenants ride as if they were stark mad ; that is, on jackasses instead of horses, and the women are all madcaps.

When the great righter of wrongs, Squire Bull, heard that Beau Napperty had seized the old don's manor, he, as usual, began to swear till he was blue. He called the don his particular friend and bottle-companion, though they had never given each other a good word in the whole course of their lives, and were always snarling and fighting about nothing. And finally, Bull urged, as a particular reason for taking the part of the old don, that he belonged to the ancient family of the Baboons, for whom, ever since he had nothing to fear from them, he professed the most invincible friendship.

Resolved to put this matter right in favour of his *old friends*, he set himself to work, and gathering a huge parcel of boats, he put his tenants on board, and sent them over to the *Point*, to help along in resisting Beau Napperty and his brother Joey. The old don's tenants, who did not want anybody to meddle in their affairs, looked askance at these unwelcome intruders, whom they were taught by their parsons were a set of wicked rascals, because they did not hold that a piece of bread was a shoulder of mutton. So they told Squire Bull's tenants they might go to some other market with their mutton, and as they came over without an invitation, they might get back as they could. Now the poor misled fellows turned themselves to get home again; but before they were able to reach their boats, they were heartily drubbed by some of Beau Napperty's tenants, and lost all their clothes and provisions.

But Squire Bull was as obstinate as a mule, especially when he happened to be in the wrong; and stuck to it manfully, until he at last succeeded in redressing the injuries of old Don Carlos, by putting his son Don Ferdinand in possession of the *Point*, who showed his gratitude by doing John all the ill turns in his power.

While Squire Bull was thus disinterestedly fighting for the liberties of the neighbourhood in one quarter, Beau Napperty was not behind-hand in upholding the rights of man in another. This John called defending the church, and Beau Nap-

perty protecting the rights of man,—one and indivisible. Betwixt the two, the whole neighbourhood, far and near, by land and by water, was kept in a state to which plague, pestilence, and starvation, are no more than “a huckleberry to a persimmon,” as they say in some of brother Jonathan’s farms down west. They put me in mind of a fable I made out of my own head one day, which I will write down here, as I think it too good to be lost.

The porcupine was once seized with an unaccountable fit of universal benevolence, so that he could never see any of the weaker sort of animals but he must pity them, and either carry them on his back, or cover them with his body, for fear the sky might fall on them, as he said. The consequence was, the poor little devils got so pricked and worried by the quills of their troublesome protector, that in a short time they had scarcely a drop of blood left in their bodies, and were reduced to skin and bone. Upon this the wretched survivors came to him in a body, and with great humility requested that in future when his majesty saw them in difficulty, he would graciously suffer them to get out of it as well as they could, without his “non-intervention.”

In this way John wasted his substance and played his pranks, until he got all the neighbours about his ears except Brother Jonathan, whom he soon after mortally offended by some of his foolish new-fangled pretensions.

CHAPTER IX.

How Beau Napperty cunningly manages to humbug Squire Bull into several foolish capers, which answer no other purpose but to make Jonathan very crusty towards the old man.

BEAU NAPPERTY, the lord of the manor of Frogmore, which is just over against Bullock Island, was a knowing fellow as any you will see, and had studied Squire Bull's character until he could read him backwards. He knew him to be an obstinate old fellow, who, when he once got any thing into his head, stuck to it as a fowl does to a crumb. He also knew by experience, that whenever he did any thing, good or bad, Squire Bull would set his face against it, merely to show his independent spirit. Accordingly, whenever he wanted to bring any thing to pass that was out of his own power to do, he made John do it for him, by pretending to do something quite the contrary.

Now Squire Bull and Beau Napperty, as everybody knows, by reason of their continually disputing and railing at each other behind their backs, and a thousand offices of bad neighbourhood, had at last arrived at such a pitch of hatred, that they would not have hesitated one moment to ruin their tenants to a man by their rascally quarrels, rather than frankly shake hands, and forgive and forget like good fellows. If either of them could do the

other an ill turn, he did not care how much his tenants or the innocent neighbours suffered by it, for they were set upon ruining each other, whatever might be the consequence. Every day they were advertising each other as rogues and I know not what. One day Bull would publish Beau Napperty for the greatest thief in all the neighbourhood; the next, Beau Napperty would advertise Bull as the most notorious pirate in the world; until at last the better sort of people began to think they were neither of them any better than they should be; and I believe they were not much out in their reckoning.

Among the various plans invented by Beau Napperty to get John into difficulties, was one which succeeded to a miracle, as it afforded Squire Bull a pretext to revive his claim to the exclusive property of the millpond. This was all John wanted, as I said before; and he snapped at it as if it had been the most delicious morsel in the world.

Now Beau Napperty's plan was this. He knew that as long as Squire Bull continued to carry on the brisk traffic with his neighbours which his great number of boats and the excellent quality of his wares enabled him to do, he would be able, in spite of all his mad capers, to keep himself out of jail. He therefore set to work to knock this business on the head; and went about boasting that he would take care in future that none of the neighbours should carry on any business with Bull, or

receive any of his wares ; for if he found it out he would burn every stitch of them. He then put on his little cocked hat, buckled on his enormous toasting-iron, and went about among the neighbours, where he soon bullied most of them into shutting their landings to Bull's boats.

Brother Jonathan, however, who was the very best customer Bull ever had, paid no attention to this flourish of Beau Napperty, but went on doing business with the squire as usual. Yet did that foolish old fellow just manage to do for Beau Napperty what he could not have done for himself.

Bull, as is too often the case with warm old codgers who have more money than wit, was generally surrounded by plenty of poor rogues ; who, by humouring his whims, and patting his foibles on the back, managed to live at his expense, and generally got something handsome settled upon them in the end.

These rogues, though they could not for the life of them help laughing at Bull's claims to the millpond, yet, on hearing of Beau Napperty's grand Frogmore flourish which I just mentioned, told the squire that now was the time to drive all the neighbours clear from the pond, which he might do without losing his character, under pretence of being even with them for shutting him from their landings. They swore he was sole proprietor not only of this millpond, but of all the millponds in the universe ; and then they would tip each other the wink, as much as to say, What a rum-jockey Johnny is.

What made John the more eagerly bite at this, was a notion that he had now a fine opportunity of paying off some of the old score he owed Brother Jonathan, whom he hated not a little, and of whose prosperity he had a long time been jealous. But this was a secret which he had sense enough to keep to himself; he therefore pretended to take all these rogues said for gospel—and it would have made you split your sides to see him pull up his old leather breeches with one hand, and with the other pelt Jonathan's boats as far as he could see them. This, in the cant of the day, he called maintaining the freedom of the millpond, encouraging boat-sailing, and other rare names, that signified directly the reverse of what the squire did.

John's prime excuse for this new method of maintaining the freedom of the millpond was, that it was done to retaliate upon Beau Napperty; for he maintained that since the neighbours were not allowed to trade with him, it was but right that they should be prevented from carrying on any business with Beau Napperty. This was what he called impartial justice; and the squire swore roundly, that whoever grumbled at such a fair retaliation, was not a bit better than a hanger-on of Beau Napperty. He used to boast, too, that by this rare system he should in a little time reduce Beau Napperty and his tenants to skin and bone; though at the very moment he was sily supplying them with whatever they wanted.

CHAPTER X.

How Squire Bull was mortal mad at Jonathan for giving shelter to his poor tenants, who came over because they could not get enough to eat at home.

THE great sufferer by these pranks of Squire Bull was Brother Jonathan, who had never taken any part in these vile quarrels, but continued to carry on his business with whoever gave the best price for his grain, without minding much either the Beau or the squire. He cared not a rush for Beau Napperty's threat against the neighbours who did business with Bull, and so far from submitting, went openly to Bullock with his grain, just as he used to do before.

Formerly the pope and the d—l were the prime objects of John Bull's hatred, and it was a moot point to which of them he bore the greatest antipathy. Afterwards he came to dislike Brother Jonathan exceedingly; but in the end, Beau Napperty came in for a principal share of his abomination. He never, however, missed a fair opportunity of giving a fatherly benediction to Jonathan, who had, since his first quarrel with the squire, given him divers causes of offence. By keeping aloof from the disputes of the neighbours, and by

a sober, discreet behaviour, Jonathan had, without any intention of injuring the old squire, got a great deal of his business from him. Now the squire, who had suffered greatly in the trial between him and Beau Napperty who should do each other the most harm, could not bear to see Jonathan enjoying the fruits of his peaceable disposition.

Another great eyesore to Squire Bull was this: Jonathan had such a great quantity of land to spare, and his farms held out so many temptations to Bull's tenants, that whenever they had an opportunity, they would leave Bullock Island, and come over to settle. They were always received with kindness, and assisted with many little neighbourly offices. This the squire swore was undermining his interests, and acting the part of a secret enemy; because it was Jonathan's duty, as a good neighbour, to drive them home again. "Zounds!" would the squire exclaim, in a furious passion, "no man born in my manor shall ever get out of it, if I can prevent him. It is the happiest, the most pious, moral, plentiful, and all that sort of thing, manor in the world; and those who can't live in it may starve, for aught I care." This he said when in many parts of his manor one sixth of the tenants were on the parish, and another sixth living on a short allowance of oatmeal and potatoes.

The fact was so notorious, that Bullock manor had more people in it than it could support, without a more equal division of the land, that a fusty

old bachelor wrote a book against breeding up children to starve. He was answered by another, and a controversy arose, which lasted till nobody would read a word more on the subject. In the meantime, the women, who won't listen to reason, went on in their old way, and the evil increased.

For all this, the squire's maxim was, once a tenant always a tenant; and such was his wrath against Brother Jonathan for giving his poor runaways a meal of victuals sometimes, that in revenge he used to chase Jonathan's boats, and when he overtook them would kidnap his rowers, under pretence of their being his runaway tenants. It must be noted, that though Bull held that no tenant could leave Bullock manor, yet he made no scruple whatever of sheltering the tenants of the neighbouring farms whenever they came over, which indeed was but seldom, for they were pretty sure of getting insulted by the squire's tenants, who cock up their tails and cackle like fowls in a barn-yard whenever a strange bird comes among them.

Now Brother Jonathan, though a pretty hard talker and a considerable dealer in words, was in the main a good-natured young fellow, who did not lightly get into a quarrel, but loved gain, and hated fighting if he could avoid it. He therefore pocketed these affronts of Bull with a few wry faces, and continued to treat him with respect, though, in addition to all these ill turns, John used every now

and then to fling it into Jonathan's teeth that he had a sneaking kindness for Beau Napperty, which I believe was a piece of the squire's own invention.

Affairs were in this way when Bull, as I before said, put forth his pretensions to the property of the millpond, and ordered his boats, which swarmed all over, to take any of Jonathan's they found looking towards Frogmore, unless they had stopped at one of his *landings* to pay for his permission. Then it was that most of John Bull's sensible tenants began to perceive that the squire had a soft place in his scull. They could see with half an eye that Beau Napperty neither had or could prevent Jonathan from carrying on his business with Bullock Island, and that if matters were left to their natural course, all Jonathan's trade would come into Bull's hands. Besides all this, they foresaw that John's conduct would at length overcome Jonathan's patience, and in a little time deprive him of the only real friend he had in the world. They felt, that notwithstanding all that was said by John's secret friends dispersed over Jonathan's farms, about his great liking for Beau Napperty, that the young man, who ate, drank, spoke, thought, and did every thing like his father, was willing, nay anxious, to be on good terms with him, if he was only treated with common politeness. He had beat Bull like a man, and forgiven him like a good fellow.

CHAPTER XI.

How Jonathan consulted his wife about these matters aforesaid, and got plenty of talk, but no cider.

ALL the former pranks of Bull had been borne by Jonathan with most exemplary patience. True it is, he sometimes complained, and his wife scolded; but this generally blew over in a little time, and all was calm again. But when at last the squire began to meddle with his *pockets*, and to rob his boats, under pretence that they were going over to Frogmore, Jonathan began to be angry, as well he might.

He straightway called unto him his wife, laid the case before her, and asked her what was best to be done. This new wife of Jonathan's was a plaguy hard hand to deal with, and had just as much to say in the house as Mrs. Bull. Indeed, Jonathan could do nothing without her having a finger in the pie. She was an honest woman enough, as times go; but when you've said that you've said every thing—for she did nothing but talk, talk, all day, and sometimes all night, so that poor Jonathan could hardly sleep for her.

The honest truth of the matter is, that she was one of the most whimsical, cross-grained, contradictory, and bedevilled termagants, that ever fell to

the lot of mortal man. Though composed of but one body, she had as many minds as she could hold, and was almost always of at least *seventeen* different opinions. Her face had all the appearance of one of your patchwork coverlets, and the different parts seemed to be collected from all quarters of the globe. She had an eastern squint of the eye, a northern aspect, and a southern *complexion*. Then her language resembled the confusion of Babel; at one time she talked like a Frogno-rean, at another like Bull's wife herself; sometimes she talked half French half English, and very rarely she talked like Brother Jonathan's wife.

This capricious lady had undergone various changes since she became the poor man's help-mate. One time she was bedizened out like one of Bull's cast-off mistresses, and then would my lady insist that Jonathan should hug Bull in his arms, for he was an honest old fellow as any in the world. But the very next minute, perhaps, she would come out dressed in all the tawdry finery of one of Beau Napperty's ladies, with her face painted as red as fire, and her neck and shoulders all bare: and then she would insist upon it that Jonathan should have no other friend but Beau Napperty, who was the most sincere, good-natured, agreeable, and entertaining little caitiff that ever escaped hanging. In some of her sober fits, which however occurred very seldom, she would appear in the decent homespun dress that became

the wife of a plain yeoman like Jonathan, and then she would talk in a manner exceedingly sensible and rational. In short, to sum up the character of this whimsical lady, there were hardly as many humours among the multifarious wives and concubines of Solomon, as were concentrated and gathered together in this singular composition of notions, called Brother Jonathan's wife.

CHAPTER XII.

How Jonathan began to bristle up when he found his boatmen did not pay as they used to do.

JONATHAN seldom or ever consulted this wife of his, without having abundance of reason to rail at the respectable institution of matrimony. Heaven preserve us ! how she would scold whenever any thing went wrong in the affairs of Jonathan's farms ; and how she would lecture the poor man about any thing that came into her head, until Jonathan, finding she would have her say, thought to let her say what she pleased first, in hopes she would let him do as he liked afterwards.

Now when Jonathan got the account of Squire Bull's order to seize all his boats on their way to the manor of Frogmore, he consulted his wife about the method of proceeding ; but that talkative lady, as usual, before he had half got through with his story, fell into a furious passion and began to abuse Squire Bull. I wish you had heard the pretty names she fastened upon his back. She called him prating gabbler, liquorish glutton, lubberly lout, ruffian rogue, paltry customer, scoffing braggart, codshead booby, noddipeak simpleton, ninnyhammer gnatsnapper, and various other names, that nobody could tell where she picked up.

Every morning of her life, regularly, as soon as breakfast was over, for at least six months, did she ring the changes, over and over again, on the subject of Squire Bull's order, with this single difference, that when she was tired of rating Bull, she would turn about and give Beau Napperty and Brother Jonathan a most fearful broadside. Jonathan turned up the whites of his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, abused his stars, and groaned in spirit, to hear his dame talk at such a furious rate ; and finding there was nothing but incoherences and abuse to be got from her, advised her, as the warm weather was coming on, to make a tour round the farms till the dogdays were over.

Madam accordingly took herself off, and Jonathan for some time enjoyed a little comfort, and smoked his pipe in peace. But this calm lasted not long ; the winter approached, the lady returned to the HALL, and as, during her recess, Bull had been at his old tricks, her disposition to scold was stronger than ever.

The patience of honest Jonathan, too, was now worn quite threadbare ; and he began to think it was high time to toe the mark, and try to put an end to the squire's troublesome pretensions. He was not a little spurred on to this by the grumbling of his boatmen, who began to complain that they could not go out into the millpond on the most trifling occasions without being insulted, or having some of their rowers taken away by John's boats.

They further told Jonathan, that if matters did not soon mend, they should be obliged to haul in their horns, and walk afoot on Sundays, instead of riding to church in fine painted wagons.

The tradesmen of Jonathan's farms, who under their good easy landlord had grown rich, assured him that only a few years before they could afford their wives and daughters silk stockings, fine muslins, pearl breast-pins, and pianos, and such like luxuries, but now, such was the unparalleled distress of his estate, these poor creatures were obliged to put up with shabby Canton crapes and old-fashioned silks, and instead of playing the piano or reading novels, were brought to the degrading necessity of making up their own linen, and even mending their own clothes.

I believe I have observed before, that Brother Jonathan was a lad who would not fight without good reason, and was not easily put in a passion. He was not a man always on the look-out for a quarrel, like Bull, and, indeed, often put up with ill treatment rather than disturb the neighbourhood. It was this which encouraged the squire to treat him as he did; for his toad-eaters always assured him that he might fillip Jonathan o' the nose as often as he pleased, without making him do any thing more than bluster a little. But they didn't know Jonathan, as we shall see anon. I must say that he held what your great folks call honour, dog-cheap; likening it to a great bone, which, being

thrown out into the highway, sets all the dogs of the neighbourhood by the ears. He used to say, for he often talked more sensibly than people expected from such a raw country fellow, that this same honour was in general nothing else but ambition, revenge, envy, self-interest, or some other scoundrel passion, the owner of which, knowing that if he came out with it in its naked deformity he would be scouted at, did dress it up in the likeness of something respectable, and palm it upon the world.

Among other singular notions, Jonathan held that a man ought to try all possible means of redress before he undertook to right himself by force; which opinion was exactly opposite to that of his neighbours, with whom it was generally a word and a blow, the latter of which commonly came first.

But though our shrewd Jonathan cared little for that kind of fighting which turns upon what fine folks call the point of honour, he had spirit to resent injuries. Fighting honour he likened to a great bully, who generally appears with a broken head or a black eye. But there was another kind of honour on which he prided himself—the honour of being a father to his tenants, and making them comfortable in this world.

When, therefore, he found that Bull's foolish pretensions began to undermine the prosperity of his people, he seriously set to work to bring John

to reason, if possible. He first took away all his business from Bull, and refused to have any thing to do with his tenants in the way of barter. It is supposed pretty generally, that if Jonathan had held on obstinately to this, it would in the end have prevented the terrible hub-bub which afterwards took place. But here his own tenants did the business for him. They raised such a clatter about his ears, that in a little time he was obliged to permit the boatmen, who said Jonathan was a paltroon, and ought to fight Bull at once, to go out and get pummelled and robbed to their hearts content.

Being driven from this plan of bringing the squire to reason, he determined, before he tried the strength of his arm against Bull, to see what the law would do for him.

CHAPTER XIII.

How Jonathan brought his action of damages against Squire Bull, but was cast under the old statute of club-law.

JONATHAN therefore filed his declaration against Bull, of piracy on the high seas, trover and conversion, trespass on the case, covenant, debt, detainue, ejectment, waste, and quare clausum fregit. He also sued him upon the statute; upon action popular; action civil; action personal; action mixed; action real; and action temporary and perpetual. He thought the deuse would be in it if he did not catch Bull in some of these snares, and lay him by the heels. This, declaration I think they called it, took up about four quires of paper; had one hundred and ninety-seven counts, and contained the usual portion of repetitions and words that signify nothing.

After the customary delays, the suit came on before one JUSTICE SCOUT;* and Jonathan's lawyer, who was selected, like a racehorse, for his wind, made a speech, in which he said the same things over and over again so often, that, had not the honest justice fallen fast asleep, he must have been more than mortal. Bull's lawyer answered

* Sir William Scott.

him in a speech which all the people in court said was twice as good, because it was twice as long. Mr. Justice Scout, being refreshed by his nap, listened to him with great attention, and took several notes, which made folks think the speech was a very deep one.

These speeches being made, and everybody being quite tired, the court adjourned. The next day, at it they went again; and Jonathan's lawyer proved clearly enough, that by the old customs of the neighbourhood, all the neighbours had an equal privilege to use the millpond, except just as far as the water-lots extended in front of the different manors and farms. In reply, the squire's lawyer cited some old parchments, which nobody could ever find; talked of the ancient rights of the Bull family, which nobody ever acknowledged; and of old customs of the manor, which no soul could remember. But what he particularly dwelt on was the statute of CLUB-LAW, which, though not in any books that he knew of, was older than the common law; had always been acted upon by the Bull family, and had this singular excellence, that it applied equally to every side of every question, and justified every action, good or bad.

The proofs being got through, Mr. Justice Scout, like a most worshipful and upright fellow, sent to Squire Bull to know how the law stood that day, as one asks which way the wind blows, knowing that it is always changing. Bull told the

justice that the law of the day was that Jonathan must lose his boats, and pay handsome costs into the bargain, to sicken him of going to law any more. When Justice Scout got his cue, he pretended, in order to make people believe that he followed his own judgment, that this being a very knotty cause, he must have time to make up his mind. Then he dismissed the court till next day, went home, swallowed a good supper, and slept all night, without once thinking of Jonathan or his cause.

CHAPTER XIV.

How Justice Scout proved that changing one's mind is a proof that we grow wiser, and that a real wise man is like a goose, and casts away his opinions as often as she does her feathers.

The next day Justice Scout gave his opinion thus:—

“GENTLEMEN,

“It was a maxim of former times, that if a man would be uniformly wise, he must change his mind every day. Now, as I alter my opinions whenever the wind changes, I must be a wise man. ’Tis true, I said the other day that the law was the same at all times and to all persons; but having since that grown a wonderful deal wiser, I have wisely altered my opinion. It would be a fine thing, truly, if a stranger had the same rights in Bullock Island as the lord of the manor himself. No, no; let us have none of these new-fangled principles of liberty and equality foisted over the old and *unchangeable* customs of the manor. Law, in fact, is one thing one day, and another thing another day; which is entirely agreeable to the oldest and greatest law in the world, the law of nature, which on the very face of it declares that all things are subject to change. Really, gentlemen, it seems nonsense to insist on these obvious points.

Would you fly in the face of nature? Certainly not; and therefore, I take it for granted, you will all see the propriety of changing the law of boats every day or two.

“The law, as it stands to-day, is—” Here Justice Scout sent his tipstaff to Squire Bull, to know if the law had not changed since yesterday—being satisfied on this point, he went on—

“The law, gentlemen, as it stands to-day, is, that Mr. Jonathan having broken the venerable statute of club-law, and infringed upon the rights of Squire Bull, to wit, the right of the strongest, by sailing boats on the millpond without the squire’s leave, has forfeited all claim to common justice, and must therefore pocket his losses, pay costs, and keep out of Bull’s way at his peril.”

Hereupon the tenants, who were tickled to the very marrow with this permission to plunder Jonathan, threw up their hats, gave three cheers, and turning out one and all, saved his worship’s horses the trouble of carrying him home.

CHAPTER XV.

Jonathan writes a letter to Squire Bull, which puts him in a mighty passion, and costs "Master Canynge" a great pull of the ear.

JONATHAN, when he heard how his lawsuit had turned out, as is common in such cases, fell foul of the law, and forgetting that it was only the abuse of a good thing that he had to complain of, did be-labour with hard words the whole system. Then he called the lawyers a pack of drivelling chatter-boxes, who one half of the time did not know what they were saying, and the other half said nothing to the purpose. But the cream of his blessing fell upon Justice Scout, who, instead of asking what the law was, only inquired about Squire Bull's opinion of it, and who, he swore, was just fit to be chief justice of the manor of Belzebub.

Having thus burned his fingers with the law, Jonathan thought he would try what reason would do. Having often heard say that there is reason in all things, he did not know but he might find a little in Squire Bull's pate, so he wrote him the following letter :—

"To John Bull, Esquire, of Bullock, greeting.

"HONOURED FATHER,

"THOUGH I am your son, I have always got more kicks than coppers from you ; and now I am grown up to be of age, I don't choose to put up with any more of your plaguy nonsense. I have a right to sail boats on the millpond for all your silly claims, which have got you many a broken head, and will get you many more before you die, if you don't mind your hits, old gentleman. Moreover, I have a right to do business with who I please, as long as I don't go against the old customs of the neighbourhood ; and to visit where I think fit, without Mr. Bull's leave, and be hang'd to him. So please take notice, that I shall carry on my business as I have always done, and visit Beau Napperty when it suits me.

"S'life, daddy, do you think that though I was brought up in the woods, I am to be scared by an owl ? Don't think to bully me, daddy ; for though you tell such famous stories about our ancestors, everybody knows that the Bull's have been going down hill till it has got nearly to the bottom ; and between ourselves, people say, they all look up to me to support the family honour in future. Though they do make such a fuss about their great riches, and all that, it's all in my eye Betty Martin ; and I don't believe they are any better than their neighbours, for all they hold up their heads so high. Everybody knows, daddy, that you owe a great deal more than you are able to

pay, and that you can't pay the interest of your debts without borrowing money, raising your rents, and robbing the neighbours' boats. For my part, I am heartily glad you disinherited me, for now I shall not be liable for any of your extravagances.

"Was it the part of a good neighbour or an honest man, daddy, to steal my boats, and after that order your pitiful, weathercock justice of the peace to twist the law so as to make me pay the costs of claiming my own property? I know you want money bad enough, and for that matter I would not mind lending you some to keep you out of jail—but I don't choose to have my pockets picked, not I; and as for your famous *club-law*, mayhap two of us can play at it, if you come to that.

"So look ye, daddy, if you don't let me alone when I am going about my lawful business, and quit taking my boats and tenants, like a highway robber as you are, you may expect an other guess sort of a pummelling than you got from me when I was only a boy. Beware of my wife too, who has done nothing but scold for several years past, and who threatens to clapperclaw you whenever you come in her way. Take a friend's advice, and look sharp, for she has a two-edged tongue, and the nails of a catamount.

"I expect, if you are an honest man, as you say you are, though I find people in general don't give you credit for it, that you will pay me for the property you have cheated me out of by means of

Justice Scout ; and moreover, promise me faithfully never to serve me so again. Another thing that I had like to forget until just now is, that you are to quit coming on board of my boats and taking out my people under pretence of getting back your tenants, who come over to settle on my farms. It is a sin and a shame, daddy, to keep the poor fellows from giving up their leases, when you are every year raising their rents, so that now they can hardly keep themselves from starving. You say your tenants are the best off of any in the neighbourhood, and if they are such fools as to quit your manor, the sooner you get rid of them the better. For my part, I scorn to act in this manner, but allow my tenants to go where they please.

“The long and the short of the matter is, that if I am satisfied in your answer, I am ready to drink a glass with you and be friends. If not, you and I will be two, I guess, daddy ; and to show you that I am in right good earnest, I hereby let you know that I shall not wait more than five or six years for your final answer, being in a great passion, and somewhat in haste.

“Your dutiful son, as you behave,

“JONATHAN.”

This letter Jonathan sent over by his lawyer, who had directions to back it with the longest speech he could possibly make.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Squire Bull took upon himself to be hugely insulted at Jonathan's friendly letter, and sent him a pretty sort of an answer. :

WHEN the sturdy, high-handed Bull got this letter, he examined the direction with great attention, not knowing the writing. Then he thrust his hand into his red waistcoat-pocket, from which he pulled a great pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, made by a neighbouring blacksmith, an excellent workman, which, after wiping off the dust with his bandanna handkerchief, he placed with great deliberation across his nose. Then drawing his great chair to the light, he carefully broke the seal, and scratching his head to assist his comprehension, began to spell out the contents.

It was worth a hundred pounds of any man's money to see the wry faces he made as he began to enter into the spirit of Jonathan's epistle. Before he got a quarter through, he laid down his pipe with such emphasis that it broke into a thousand pieces. As he proceeded, he struck the table with such force that the pot of beer, which was his most trusty counsellor and companion, danced about like a pea on a tobacco pipe, and finally

overset on the floor, while the old fellow's visage gradually puckered up like a cabbage-leaf before the fire. When he had fairly got through, he very leisurely tore the letter into a million of little pieces, walked with the most stately and grim solemnity to the window, and very deliberately threw them to the d—l, to whom he always consigned any thing that gave him great offence.

Then taking a turn or two to consider what was proper for his dignity, he called for one "Master Canynge," a sort of jester and buffoon, whom John employed to write his letters and make him laugh when he was melancholy. They used to dub him John's secretary, inasmuch as he generally answered the squire's letters that came from abroad, because he was thought to spell better than any of Bull's servants. As for the squire himself, he did not often venture to write his own billets, and when he did they were in such a villanous cramp hand, so full of incoherences, and so interlarded with bad spelling, that it was more trouble to read them than they were worth.

Bull told Master Canynge of Jonathan's letter, and directed him to answer it forthwith; but the jocular secretary told him, with great submission, that in order to answer a letter properly it was necessary to know its contents. The squire, who was famous for sometimes listening to reason, here-upon immediately began to fumble in his pockets; then he turned them all inside out, ransacked every

hole and corner of the room, pish'd and pshaw'd like fury, and at last recollected having torn and thrown it out of the window. Canynge relished this joke hugely, swore it was the best thing he had seen in a long time, and began to laugh like a whole swarm of flies at the squire's forgetfulness. His mirth was however arrested by John's laying hold of his ear, and giving it a hearty lug in order to make him serious, telling him at the same time he was an impudent rascal to laugh at his betters.

"Master Canynge" hereupon sat down, and being not a little confused with the tingling of his ear, as well as somewhat ruffled at the squire's application, wrote the following singular and impertinent answer to Jonathan's letter. Bull, who hated reading as bad as he did writing, signed it, as was his usual custom, without knowing what were its contents. It was immediately despatched, and ran thus :—

"To Mr. Jonathan, greeting.

"You lubberly Yankey !

"Don't think I'll give up my rights, privileges, and prerogatives, to such a hop-o-my-thumb, mint-sling, rum-jockey as thou art. Why, thou unnatural cub, answer me one thing—did I not beget thee, villain!—and could I not have begotten thee or not, just as I pleased ? Body o' me ! what an undutiful rascal thou art, to be pestering the father that begat thee, and who might by refusing to do

so have made a nobody of you, with impertinent letters.

“Thou art, moreover, a great blockhead, as well as an ungrateful dog, son Jonathan, to be in the least angry at my conduct towards thy boats, seeing I don’t mean to do you the least injury, all my plans being to plague that little caitiff Beau Napperty, to be revenged on whom I would send you and all your rascally generation to the d—l. Body o’ me! I say again, Squire Sapscurll, did not I beget thee? And am I not one of the most honest fellows in the whole neighbourhood? I say it myself, I have said it a thousand times, and therefore it must be true.

“I have twelve hundred boats on the millpond, and if you doubt my assertions, I will demonstrate them with the aforesaid boats in the twinkling of an eye. Plague take the fellow!—dost not see, thou animal with half an eye, that if I plunder your boats, it is all for your own good, because it enables me to annoy the more effectually that little villanous Frogmorean, who, if I did not keep him within bounds, would come over and upset your whole household, you booby. Here am I now, cutting and slashing in all directions at the disturber of the neighbourhood, Beau Napperty: and though it must be confessed most of the blows fall upon you, and others upon my own pate, yet in the eye of sober reason I do you no harm, because I intend none, upon my honour; all I mean

is to annoy the *common enemy* of you all, and prevent his doing you manifest injury.

“Besides, thou unreasonable, pestilent rogue, am not I an *honest fellow*, and is not Beau Napperty a *knave*? And is it not reasonable that an honest man should have the same privilege as a knave? Things are come to a pretty pass in the world if honesty can’t rob and plunder as well as knavery; and therefore I maintain, and prove by my twelve hundred boats, that I have as good, nay, a better right to rob than Beau Napperty, because I am such a fine, honest fellow, and make such good use of what I get. And did I not beget thee, villain? Answer me that, I say again.

“You can’t wait for my answer, you say. You ungrateful villain, to talk in this way to the kindest father that ever turned his son out of doors. You can’t, hey! well, here is my answer. I’ll plunder your fir-built boats, with a bit of striped bunting stuck on a cornstalk for a flag—I’ll snap my fingers and bite my thumb at you as often as I please—I’ll disown, disinherit, and unbeget you, and swear you are the son of a French barber and a Dutch fish-woman. I am a religious man, an affectionate father, and I don’t care who knows it.

“Therefore, look ye, friend Jonathan, my son—I hold that the right of doing wrong is inherent in all honest fellows that have twelve hundred boats like myself. It is moreover *necessary*, because I can’t get the better of Beau Napperty, whom I am

pleased to hate beyond all other men, without it; and it is moreover proper, because it is much better that honest fellows like me should flourish by evil means, than that knavery, which is Beau Nap-perty, should flourish at all. So don't pester me with any more of your complaints, or tell me any more of your wife's threats. I am an honest fellow, damme! I begot thee, and have a right to do what I please with my own children; and what's more, I will.

“Thy abused father,

“JOHN BULL.”

When “Master Canynge” had finished this letter, he went and lounged about the squire's parlour, cracked his jokes as usual, wrote lampoons and songs, and quizzed the kitchen wenches till they swore he was the drollest dog in the whole manor. After this he went to the *chapel*, and tickled Bull's wife till she squeaked, entertained John's overseer with some good stories, and after swallowing a couple of mugs of strong ale, went to bed and dreamed he was made high-bailiff of the manor of Bullock.

CHAPTER XVII.

Squire Bull talks so foolishly, and acts so unseemly to Brother Jonathan, that the poor fellow don't know whether to laugh or cry.

IN due time Jonathan received this curious letter, which proved pretty clearly that Bull thought him a fool or a coward. He put it into his wife's hand, and that talkative lady, who generally took it out in scolding, was in such a quandary, that she hardly knew whether her heels or head was uppermost. She uttered so many queer notions on the subject, one treading on the heels of the other, that Jonathan could not, for the soul of him, tell what she would be at. The truth is, she did not exactly know herself; but as he asked her opinion, she thought she must say something. So she went on for a whole six months at least, dinning it away like a parcel of bells playing at random—all different tunes. Sometimes she talked like a farmer; sometimes like a tobacco-planter; sometimes like a boatman—but most generally like a woman.

In the meantime Bull and Jonathan wrote letters to each other every day. Bull sometimes would profess a great fatherly kindness for Jonathan, and then, in the very next letter, twit him with being a

friend of Beau Napperty ; treating him at the same time as if he were a mere nobody, and insisting on the right which he had under the famous statute of club-law. It was not a little curious to see the fetches the squire made use of to bolster up his new law. In one of his letters, he insisted upon it that there was no good rule to decide who was in the right, except to find out who was the strongest. “Doth not,” said John, “the strong animal prey upon the weak ? It is a law of nature, friend Jonathan ; and therefore it’s nonsense for such a slack-breeched fellow as thou art to talk against it. S’life, what is the use of being strong if one can’t play the d—l, and all that sort of thing, now and then a little ?”

Then John had another curious argument, which he probably picked up in some last dying speech and confession, and which he called the necessity of the case. This he swore was a good excuse for robbing on the highway or on the high seas. “A fellow,” quoth John, “robs on the highway from the necessity of the case : that is, because he wants money to buy horses, fine clothes, and all that sort of thing. True, he is hanged for it if caught ; but if he is knowing enough to evade, or strong enough to bully the laws, or rich enough to bribe the judges, he is held to be an honest man in the eyes of all men of sound sense, and comes off with flying colours, and all that sort of thing.” Bull was insufferably vain of this rare system of reasoning, and boasted that he had twisted a rope

strong enough to hang a dozen such simple fellows as Jonathan.

Jonathan half cried and half laughed at the squire's nonsense, for he could not help seeing, and feeling too, that though necessity might be a very notable justification for a pickpocket, it was not the most satisfactory to him who had his pockets picked. But the tenants, who sometimes had these letters read to them, were maay of them imposed upon by Bull's arguments, and actually came to think, or pretended to think, that the squire was on the right side of the ditch.

The tenants of Brother Jonathan were, in truth, a rare set of fellows, collected helter-skelter from all parts of the neighbourhood, and presenting such an odd medley of faces, that it might be said they looked like everybody, and everybody looked like them. Their minds, no more than their faces, were much alike, and as they prided themselves upon thinking for themselves, and speaking their minds freely, hardly any two thought or spoke alike, for fear they might be suspected of wanting an independent spirit. In fact, the tenants of no two farms ever pulled the same way; and though at the time of Jonathan's marriage they had all agreed to stick together, and support one another on all occasions, yet from the moment of that union they seem never to have agreed in any one thing whatever.

Maybe you have seen before now two dogs,

who, while they had their own way and could do as they pleased, were the best friends in the world; but being chained together, from that moment began to snarl and show their teeth, and never drew the same way afterward. Or, to give you a more rational example—perhaps you have seen a young couple in the first rudiments of an everlasting affection, toying, casting sheep's-eyes, and slyly squeezing each other's hand under the table. Peradventure you have come back that way, and seen this same couple wedded, disputing their way through the world inch by inch, and administering to each other comfort by mutual recrimination, sturdy opposition, and grumbling compliance.

If you ever saw any thing of this sort, you have some notion of the notable connexion subsisting among Jonathan's tenants. There was continually something or other turning up somewhere or other that went against the grain of some one or other of these wiseacres, who, sagely concluding that it was the duty of the landlord to take care of him in preference to anybody else, would begin to speak his mind, as he called it: that is, to abuse Jonathan and everybody that took his part. I have seen the barking of an exceeding small, insignificant puppy set all the dogs of a neighbourhood howling like fury; and so it generally happened in the farms, where the scolding of one tenant caused a great outcry in the end. But as this subject is a little curious, it may be worth while to trace these matters more distinctly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Touching the farms called Southlands, and what roystering blades the tenants were. Also, those honest, hearty fellows, the boys of the Middlelands.

BROTHER JONATHAN, as I said before, had a great estate in lands, which, that he might be able to tell one farm from another, came to be called by different names, such as the Southlands, the Middlelands, Down East, and Far West. This division, in time, proved a great source of heart-burnings and contentions among the tenants occupying these different farms, who because they had different names, began, like a parcel of blockheads as they are, to fancy themselves a separate people, with separate interests, and to squabble among themselves about nothing or next to nothing. In process of time, these sectional feelings grew into fruitful sources of trouble to Brother Jonathan, who had much ado to keep them from falling together by the ears at town meetings and elections. Many people thought they hated each other worse than they did Squire Bull's tenants, and I believe they were half right.

The tenants of the farms commonly called Southlands, having plenty of negroes to work for them, and nothing to do but amuse themselves, did, as will often happen with country blades, amuse

themselves pretty considerably with horseracing, cockfighting, barbecues, and the like. They were also wonderful boys for what they called anti-fog-waters, being certain mint-juleps, which, to say the truth, are exceeding loathsome of a foggy morning, and mighty potent in keeping away chills and agues. They are supposed to make a man somewhat belligerent, which I opine is true, seeing I remember I once felt their effects myself at a training, in the which I charged quite through a numerous phalanx of naughty boys, in despite of old shoes and unseemly maledictions.

But for all this, the Southlanders were a set of frank, jolly, hospitable, high-spirited fellows, with hearts always open and aboveboard. A man might live among them free of expense till the cows came home, if they did not kill him with good living and mint-juleps. For my part, I always did and always shall like them, and I don't care who knows it.

These sturdy roystering blades disliked the tenants Down East, of whom I shall speak anon, because they came among them with little one-horse carts, laden with wooden bowls, tinware, and the like, and made divers good bargains out of them in the way of trade. It would do your heart good to hear some of the stories, true or false, told about these travelling pedlers, who wore high steeple-crowned hats, and were about the 'cutest fellows you ever saw. As there is no error more common than to condemn a whole community for

the fault of one, the Southlanders, judging from a few bad samples, came at last to consider the Down Easters no better than they should be. Now the first thing a Southlander thinks of, when he catches himself in a passion, is fighting; so whenever he was taken in in a bargain for a wooden clock, or some such thing, he was pretty sure to pummel the tin-trader, who not unfrequently had scruples of conscience about fighting. When the trader got home, he of course told terrible stories of gouging and the like, so that in time one came to be thought little better than bullies, the other downright rogues, though those who were best acquainted with them knew better.

Those who tenant the flourishing farms of the Middlelands are for the most part steady, sober-minded farmers, expert boatmen belonging to the great landings, and comfortable tradesmen well to do in the world. They agree mighty well together, as also with the tenants of the other farms; or if they chance to quarrel about nothing, the one class balances the other, and the farms don't get into a sweat as they do in other parts of Brother Jonathan's estates.

It will be found by those who take the trouble to inquire, that in all Brother Jonathan's farms where this mixture does not prevail, the tenants are very ignorant and headstrong in their opinions and prejudices. Having but one exclusive road to prosperity, they conclude there is no other way but

this in the world, that what is their interest must be everybody's interest, and that whenever that is affected, the whole world must be turned upside down. But on the contrary, where, as in the farms I am treating of, the different orders of men are mingled together, the perpetual collision of interests in time wears away their different asperities, and introduces a reasonable regard for each other's welfare.

And now I am in for it, I will make another sage remark, which will be found equally true with the last. It is this: that those farms which form the extremities of Brother Jonathan's property have always been more easily agitated and set in motion than the others; and in this they have a great analogy to single individuals. The tickling of the soles of the feet will set one kicking at a furious rate; and the touch of a feather at the nose causes the proboscis to be violently agitated, while the rest of the body remains quiescent. So if you meddle with the farms of Southlands, which form, as it were, the legs, or with the farms Down East, which constitute the snout, or proboscis, of Brother Jonathan's domain, you will always find a mighty deal of agitation and grimace in them, while the more noble parts that lie in the vicinity, as it were, of the *heart*, remain undisturbed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the 'cute' boys of Down East, and how they got the name (*among themselves*) of being wiser and better than their neighbours.

THE farms belonging to Brother Jonathan, Down East, it is said, were originally taken on long leases, by a set of conscientious fellows who left Bullock Island a great while ago, because Squire Bull, who was a very religious man, and head of the church by custom of the manor, made a law "abolishing diversities of opinion in religious matters," dreaming, like a great blockhead as he was, that he could make all people think alike, which in my opinion is about as easy as to make them all look alike. These good people went through terrible hardships, which they bore like men till they cleared their lands, and having suffered so much for opinion, it is no wonder if they should be a little obstinate sometimes.

Some of these were of the sect of the witches, and, I am credibly informed, came over the mill-pond on broomsticks. The tenants, however, soon found out these diabolical sinners, and got rid of them as we do caterpillars, by smoking them out. Many ignorant people have their fling at the tenants Down East for being so much afraid of

witches, and Squire Bull often cracked his jokes on them about it; but they had all better hold their tongues, for if the truth were known, the whole neighbourhood was pretty much in the same box at that time, and most especially Squire Bull's tenants. Be this as it may, the Down Easters took such good care to get rid of the witches and wizards, that for many years past they have been entirely extinct, unless, as some suppose, there is a cross of their blood in Major Jack Downing.

These Down Easters are excellent good boatmen, as well as great takers of codfish, alewives, and a certain fish called dumbfish, for some reason I wot not of, seeing all fish, so far as I know, are dumb. Be this as it may, they are very much addicted to dumbfish, particularly on Saturdays, when, such is the salutary effect of this regimen, that the greatest scolds in the capital town of the Down Easters say nothing but their prayers all that day. It is moreover observed, that neither the courts nor the meeting-houses (except that of the Quakers) are open on Saturday, for that both parsons and lawyers are incapable of speechifying. These things are so curious, that I thought them worthy of commemorating in this diverting and true history.

Squire Bull, who abuses everybody, has trumped up from time to time divers tough stories about these good people, of whom I know nothing to their discredit, except that they stopped me once travelling on a Sunday when I was going to be mar-

ried, and a pestilent rogue from somewhere Down East took me in with a wooden clock which would not strike, because, I suppose, it had been brought up upon dumbfish. In fact, they are shrewd hands at a bargain, as the following true story will exemplify.

An Oatlander, a tenant of Squire Bull, as sharp as a razor, once rode away Down East on the back of a horse that had wall eyes, a switch tail, shambling gait, and marvellous spindle shanks. There was hair enough in his fetlocks to stuff a sofa, and you might have counted his ribs at the distance of half a league had they not been well covered with a coat of matted hair that entirely prevented this disgrace. Our adventurer went on at a miserable pace till he came in sight of a neat looking tavern, when he clapped spurs to his steed, who, with a most desperate effort, trotted up to the place in a truly gallant manner.

At the gate of the stableyard stood a raw-boned, long-sided, rosy-cheeked, light-haired lad, who seemed gaping about as if he had just thrust his nose into the world. He wore a light-blue linsey-woolsey coatee, no waistcoat, and a pair of tow linen trousers, that, by reason of his having outgrown them, reached just below the calf of his leg; but what they wanted in length they made up in breadth, being of that individual sort called by sailors cannon-mouthed. But what most particularly fixed the stranger's attention was a white hat,

which, on account of its having been often caught in the rain, had lost its original outline, and marvellously resembled a haystack in shape and colour.

This figure was leaning over a gate, with one hand scratching his head, and supporting his chin with the other, in the true style of listlessness and simplicity. Our adventurer marked him for his prey, and after some conversation, finding he had a horse, offered to *swap* with him. The youth, after the fashion of Down East, first asked him what was his name, what countryman he was, where he came from, and where he was going; together with other questions equally necessary.

Having received satisfaction in these points, they fell to work, and our Oatlander never had tougher work in his life. At last, however, a bargain was struck, and he went on his way, chuckling at having taken in the clodhopper. All at once, however, his horse insisted on lying down, and his mirth came to the ground with him. While he was standing over his steed, endeavouring to persuade him by the vigorous application of kicking and cuffing, who should come jogging along but the lad with the haystack hat, who assured him that his horse would infallibly get up when he was tired of lying down; that he did not care to rest himself in this manner above eight or ten times a day, and was in other respects so good a beast, that if he would give him twenty dollars to boot he would

swap back again. Our luckless adventurer was fain to agree ; so mounting his former resurrection of dry bones, he made the best of his way out of the country, and not one of his countrymen have ever since returned to settle in those parts, or drive a bargain with a Down Easter.

By reason of the women being exceedingly fruitful, the farms every year are obliged to swarm, as beehives do ; the young ones leaving the old hive to find room elsewhere, which they do easy enough, having a singular faculty in getting on in the world which smacks a little of witchcraft. It is observed, that like locusts, wherever they light, they soon clear all before them, and drive away the old settlers.

This has especially been the case in those parts of Brother Jonathan's farms that were tenanted by those who came of the stock of some honest Bellygians, who paddled over from the great bog-meadow I spoke of in the first part of this history. These were a parcel of industrious, sober, steady, slow-motioned, deliberative, pursy, thick-legged, four-square boys, with faces much wider at the bottom than the top, like to the angels that are cut on the old-fashioned headstones. They were great smokers of tobacco, and walked, worked, deliberated, and slept sometimes with a pipe in their mouth. Such was their love of this practice, that it is reported the clerk of a certain parish, not being able to get any tobacco, did incontinently

cut up the bellrope, which he smoked, to the great scandal of the church.

Mercy preserve us ! what work the Down Easters made among these slow-motioned fellows. In a little time they would evaporate and disappear, as it were, in their own smoke, nobody knew where ; like the Indians do, when the white people get among them and civilize them with brandy.

Between the tenants of Down East and those of Southlands there did exist a deal of illwill : this was partly owing to the cause I mentioned before, partly to difference of manners and customs, for the former abhorred horseraces, cockfights, and mint-slings, preferring thereto apple-brandy, tea, cucumbers, pumpkin pies, thanksgivings, general trainings, and other harmless luxuries. There were also certain interests which seemed to clash between these two—I mean certain petty, everyday interests, such as lead little fellows by the nose in opposition to their lasting happiness.

But the most growing portion of Brother Jonathan's estates was an immense tract of new lands he had purchased since he came of age, away on the mountains, which came to be known by the name of the Far West. He bought it a great bargain of Beau Napperty, who was no great hand at clearing new lands, or handling any sharp-edged tool except his great toasting-iron. These new farms are among the best lands Jonathan had ; and you may depend upon it, the Down Easters and

the tenants of the other farms who had worn out the soil, were not backward in settling them, for Jonathan wisely let them have the land cheap and gave a long credit. All the bold, enterprising fellows who wanted elbow-room at home, or had more little curly-pated rogues of children than they knew what to do with, pulled up stakes, and went forth to seek the promised land of the Far West. In process of time they multiplied into ever so many thousands, and the children grew so fast that some thought they would never be done growing.

Being used from childhood to lay out in the woods under the canopy of heaven, which they called a sky blanket, to hunt the bears and other wild animals that were at first as plenty as tame ones Down East, they grew up a hardy, independent race, that feared nothing, cared for nobody, and justly thought themselves equal to any folks in the world. They sometimes bearded Brother Jonathan himself, and told him to his face that if he did not mind his P's and Q's they would pay no more rent, and put it into him before he could prime his rifle.

They were the greatest shots—I don't mean with the long bow, though some of them were pretty good at that, but with the rifle—that ever were seen. They could kill a squirrel on the top of the highest tree that ever grew in all out of doors without stirring a hair of his skin; and not

a man among them but would have thought himself a cowardly varmint, who would not stand at a hundred yards distance, and let them shoot at a pint-pot on the top of his head without winking.

I have heard say, for I never was there, that they are the most hospitable people in the whole neighbourhood, inasmuch as that they sometimes lick a fellow for refusing to come in and take pot-luck. This I know, for I had it from the man himself, that he got taken up, and was very nigh being *regulated*, only for passing five or six houses without stopping and taking something. They took him for a horse-stealer.

Altogether, they are about as fine a set of fellows as I would ever wish to see ; and it shall go hard if, when I have finished this stupendous history, I don't pay them a visit, luxuriate in barbecues with my old friend Justice Wildgoose, and hunt bears with Davy Crockett. Like the Southlanders, they however had a mortal prejudice against the Down Easters, which I am in good hopes will die away in time, when all the old wooden clocks are worn out. For my part, I believe in my heart you can always find something good among all sorts of sinners ; and I have always thought it was a great piece of nonsense for people living in the same tub to be continually trying to kick out the bottom.

The upshot of all this was, that let Jonathan do what he would, he was sure to get into a scrape,

and was all his life between hawk and buzzard, as they say. If he pleased one he was sure to displease the other, and never poor fellow's ear burned so often ; for I verily believe there was not a minute in the twenty-four hours that he was not abused by somebody or other.

CHAPTER XX.

How Squire Bull, seeing Jonathan's farms at sixes and sevens, takes advantage thereof.

Now John Bull, though no conjurer, was yet not quite an April-fool ; and perceiving, on these occasions, the divisions among Jonathan's tenants, made his advantage of them. He took all occasions to insult him ; chased his boats whenever he saw them on the millpond, and laid hold of his rowers, making them turn out and come aboard of his own boats, to assist in rowing and handing the sails, whether they would or not.

The *boatmen*, who principally suffered by these pranks of Squire Bull, began to grumble at being thus molested in their affairs ; and as they lounged about on the sandbeach scratching their heads for want of something else to do, talked among themselves how Jonathan was but a sneaking, milksop sort of a fellow, to suffer his boatmen, who were the best tenants he had, and paid more rents than all the rest of them together, to be treated in such an unhandsome manner. These fellows were always talking about their great rents, though everybody knew whatever they paid Jonathan they took good care to get out of the pockets of the

other tenants ; and if the truth was known, paid no more rent than their neighbours.

This getting to Jonathan's ears, he wrote over once again to Bull to know what he meant by such unneighbourly conduct ; and Bull, in answer, sent him word that he did not in the least mean to hurt his good friend and loving son Jonathan, but was merely doing these things to spite his arch enemy Beau Napperty. Jonathan told him, in reply, that he did not see the sense of thrashing Beau Napperty over his shoulders ; and what was more, he would not submit to it from any man, not even his own father. Bull having a notion that Jonathan, notwithstanding the sound beating he had formerly given him, wanted spunk to oppose him manfully on this occasion, would not budge an inch, but told Jonathan that as soon as Beau Napperty behaved himself like a gentleman, he would do so too, but not before. Jonathan replied, he did not care three farthings about Beau Napperty, who could do him no harm ; and as for its being in his power to make him behave like a gentleman, that was a job which the d—l might undertake for all him. Upon this Bull snapped his fingers, and told Jonathan that he was a most unreasonable fellow, and withal a great ninny, not to see that his worthy father was affording him his protection against Beau Napperty, who, if it was not for him, would in the twinkling of an eye come and beat down Jonathan's fences, burn all his boats, and overrun

all his farms with Frogmoreans. In short, Brother Jonathan ought to have sense enough to see that he was acting the part of a loving parent, who chastises his children not out of anger, but pure affection.

“Plague take such fatherly kindness,” quoth Jonathan; “this old dad of mine, I foresee, will never be content till he gets the whole neighbourhood about his ears. Here now is he without a sincere friend or relation in the world that can help him along except myself; and yet do I foresee that he will oblige me to turn against him with the rest. Well, if I must, I must.” And shrugging up his shoulders, he went in search of his precious rib, to whom he communicated Bull’s conduct. Madam, as usual, began to call the squire names; after which she abused poor Jonathan; and finally, making a sudden turn, fell upon Beau Napperty, and scored him at such a rate, that if the poor Beau had heard her he would have been mad enough, I warrant you.

When she had talked herself into an unutterable rage, and for that reason held her tongue, Jonathan undertook to sound her about taking measures to bring old Squire Bull to reason. He told her that he had tried all peaceable means to right himself, and had even gone to law, but all in vain; and that things had now come to that pass, that he must either give up his right to sail boats on the millpond, or let his rowers defend themselves when

they were molested by Bull, whom, with her permission, he intended to have a bout with very soon, provided he did not mend his manners.

He mentioned that he thought, with great submission, as both he and Squire Bull were rich fellows, and had been at grammar-school, it would not be becoming in them to fight rough and tumble like the tenants, but with sword and pistol like gentlemen. He therefore thought, in case he challenged Bull, as he supposed he should be obliged to do, he ought to be decently dressed on the occasion. Now his regimentals, which he wore when he was in the militia, were all moth-eaten for want of use ; that he wanted a new sword and pistol, as well as a cocked-hat like Beau Napperty's, for as he was going to turn out with so respectable a man as Squire Bull, he thought he ought to look like a gentleman, and do credit to his breeding.

For this purpose, as he was somewhat scant of money, he thought, if madam pleased, he would make bold to raise the rents of the tenants a little ; for poor Jonathan, by his marriage articles, was obliged to his wife for spending-money, and in fact could do nothing without her consent. So completely was he tied up, that if any one tweaked his nose or boxed his ears, he was obliged, before he could resent it, to go home and ask the consent of his wife.

Women are noted for moderation in every thing,

more especially in using that power which, by the articles of petticoat government, is ceded to them. Thus it fared with Jonathan, who, though a fellow of the greatest landed estate in that part of the world, was forced to pinch himself continually in his little expenses, and always was worse dressed on Sundays and holydays than any of his neighbours, by reason of his wife's being so stingy. Though, if the truth must be told, she was an extravagant hussy herself, and spent more in one week than Jonathan did in a whole year. They had many squabbles about this, but madam had the law on her side, and was always backed by the tenants, because she had managed to make them believe she was the best friend they had in the world.

When Jonathan talked about raising the rents of his tenants a little, that he might be in a condition to fight John Bull, my lady, after a mighty deal of chattering and talking all round the compass, as usual, refused her consent, under pretence that the poor tenants were already pressed down with such high rents that they could hardly keep soul and body together, poor souls ! Then she pretended to be so affected that she took out her handkerchief, and wiped her eyes till they looked as red as if she had been crying. All this she did to impose upon the tenants, who she was afraid would exercise their privilege of divorcing her

from Jonathan, and choosing him another wife if she consented to raise their rents.

She however told Jonathan, that if he could borrow the money from the tenants, she would join in security with him, and take care that the interest should be paid. Jonathan liked this way of getting the money well enough, for he knew that it came nearly to the same thing as raising the rents; for one as well as the other must at last come out of the tenants pockets.

CHAPTER XXI.

How Jonathan's rich tenants showed him the whites of their eyes when he sent to borrow money, because he did not offer interest enough.

WHEN Jonathan sent round to his rich tenants to see if he could borrow a few thousands, offering them to pledge his farms for the payment, it was curious to hear the excuses they made and the shifts they put on. One had just before laid out all his ready money in purchasing stock for his farm. Another had just lent it out on mortgage, and a third had just the day before parted with all the cash he could scrape together to a friend in great distress: but the truth was, he had put it in the hands of a shaver, as they called him, down at one of the great landings, who had placed it out at two per cent. a month. All, however, lamented he had not sent a little sooner, as they would rather trust him than any other man in the world.

But the most curious thing of all was the ungrateful conduct of the *boatmen*, for whose sake in a great measure Jonathan was about to quarrel with his old father. They, forsooth, had for a long while back disliked Jonathan's manners; they saw he was no friend of theirs, but always was doing them an ill turn whenever it lay in his power; they knew well enough this quarrel was all Beau

Napperty's doing, and as for John Bull, though he did to be sure meddle with their boats, and tweak their noses as often as he caught them squinting towards Frogmore, yet for all that he was an honest fellow; and therefore they could not think of lending money to enable Jonathan to trouble him now in his old age. Everybody, however, saw through these pretences, and were well enough convinced, that although they really did a great many of them hate Jonathan and love John, yet that this was not the real cause of their refusing to lend their money. The truth was, Jonathan offered too low an interest: if he had given them two or three per cent. more, he might have got all they had in the world.

After all these excuses, Jonathan somehow or other got money enough to put himself in some sort of decent trim, and being now thoroughly angry at Bull, who continued to wrong and insult him wherever he went, he determined immediately to send him a challenge, provided his wife would consent.

In order to bring the good lady round, knowing all women are naturally fond of a soldier, he forthwith brushed up an old suit of regimentals which had lain at the bottom of a trunk for several years, purchased an amazing long, rusty sword, with a hilt as large as a bushel basket, and a worm-eaten cartridge-box, carried in time immemorial by a Hessian corporal, in which the said corporal used

to put his pipe, his tobacco-pouch, and his Sunday whiskers. Finally, he bought one of those cocked-hats usually called seventy-sixers, from having been in fashion about that time. It was shaped somewhat like the iron part of a pickaxe, and from some appearances which it exhibited in the inside, where the lining was a little torn, you could tell, with a tolerable degree of certainty, that in its primitive institution it had been black.

Then did he clap on with a little paste a huge pair of black whiskers that nearly covered his whole muzzle, and drawing on his military boots that sat as tight as his skin, he having outgrown them, as he did every thing else, strutted towards the apartment where his lady usually spent her mornings. Almost the first step he made he tumbled on his nose, by reason of his great sword getting betwixt his legs, as is usual with raw recruits. Upon this, he thought it best to lay aside his sword for the present; so he hung it up carefully, and proceeded without it towards his wife's *scolding-room*, as it was called, from its being the place she usually retired to in order to vent her eloquence.

When she saw Jonathan thus equipped, she began to laugh as if she had the hysterics, and wondered what had got into the man. Jonathan was a little nettled at this, for he expected to be hugely admired for his warlike appearance. He forthwith, without any roundabout, asked her once for all whether she would consent to his sending Bull a challenge?

Madam answered as follows :

“*You* challenge Squire Bull, you miserable milk-and-water, lath-and-plaster manikin! You, that have never handled a pistol in your whole life, and whose sword is so rusty that you can’t draw it out of the scabbard for the soul of you! Only look at the fellow,” continued she, turning him round and round, in a jeering way—“only look at him! Look at that gallant cocked-hat, with a little feather in it that looks for all the world like a paint-brush—and those whiskers! Heaven preserve us! why thou lookest like a very devil incarnate.”

Then changing her tone, she began to rate him after this fashion :

“Tell me, thou heart of cork, soul of a half-starved tailor, and brain of potcheese, what will you do when Bull sends his boats over to plunder your farms, burn your barns and houses, and drive your boats high and dry ashore? I warrant you’ll cut a great dash with that clumsy figure of yours, that huge mass of flesh without any bone or sinew. Get about thy business, I say, Jonathan—put on your everyday suit of homespun, and don’t let me hear any thing more about your challenging Squire Bull.”

Any man but Jonathan would have gone near to turn her out of the house for this; but Jonathan had a better way of managing matters, and knew, by long experience, how to deal with his precious

rib. He knew there were certain arguments which, when properly urged, no wife can resist. So he went and cautiously *locked the doors*,* and closed the shutters in the most careful manner. What method he pursued afterwards I, being a bachelor and ignorant of these matters, cannot tell. All I know is, that the effect was truly wonderful. The tender pair came forth perfectly reconciled; the lady hanging on Jonathan's arm in the most loving manner, and chucking him under the chin, declared he was a right valiant swordsman, and might fight with Bull when he pleased.

* The declaration of war by Congress was passed with closed doors.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Jonathan sent John Bull a great challenge ; and how some of Jonathan's overseer's put up their sneakers, and wouldn't toe the mark.

JONATHAN having at last persuaded his wife to let him have a bout with John Bull, gathered himself together, and wrote the squire a mortal defiance ; in which, though he did not call him a rascal outright, he pretty plainly let him see he thought him one. He told how Bull had for a long time been trespassing on his property ; how he had often thrown stones at his boats, and kidnaped his boatmen ; how he had taken away his boats over to Bullock manor, where he sold them as his own property, and put the money in his pockets, which was being no better than a pirate ; how he, Jonathan, had tried first to reason with him, and finding that would not do, had gone to law for damages ; but he might as well have gone to the d—l for justice, seeing that scurvy fellow, Justice Scout, would do any thing John told him, and say black was white any time. He broke off by saying, that since all Christian means had failed him, and things had now come to such a pass, that he must either give up his right to the use of the millpond, or defend it with might and main, he

gave Bull fair notice that he and his tenants meant, thenceforward, to try what the great statute of club-law would do for them. Let Squire Bull then come out like a man, and fight him in fair battle if he dared. Then giving notice to his tenants, and especially his boatmen and rowers, to keep a sharp look-out, and not let John's tenants insult them any more without having a bout with them, he forthwith equipped him for his encounter with Bull, who he expected would be at him in a hurry.

I ought to have told you, but it slipped my memory, that Bull and Brother Jonathan being both independent freeholders, and among the quality of the neighbourhood, did hold themselves pretty high fellows abroad, though at home they were both most villanously henpecked. They therefore took great state upon themselves; and whenever they went out to fight, used to have their overseers and a great many of their tenants to keep them in countenance and see fair play; or, in plain English, though they had no quarrel, to break each other's heads in imitation of their betters.

Jonathan expecting that Bull, as soon as he got his letter, would be down upon him like a house a fire, forthwith put on his *red breeches*, buckled on his great rusty sword, which was more like a scythe than any thing else, stuck a pair of mighty horse-pistols into his waistband, and took the field with a bloody intention of either sending the squire to kingdom come, or of drubbing him into a glimpse

of his senses at least. Those who remember Jonathan in his fighting trim, say that such another queer boy was not to be seen every day. He swaggered along with his toes in instead of out—was forced to chalk his feet to tell right from left—put his pickaxe hat on hindpart before, and tumbled plump on his nose ten times a day, by reason of his great toasting-iron getting between his legs in spite of his teeth. Yet, for all this, when he drew his sword, which he did with a good deal of tugging, it was so rusty, and began to flourish it over his head, there was something in the manner he did it, and such fire in his eye, as made everybody that saw him say he would be a tough morsel for old Squire Bull.

Jonathan, that he might appear in the field as became one of his estate, sent round to his *overseers* in the different farms to put on their training suits and come to him. A great many of these footy fellows, who had before pretended a great friendship for him, instead of setting forth at once, went to work very busily rummaging old parchments, to see whether by the tenure of their farms they were obliged to attend on Jonathan. Others were so frightened at the very thought of looking the sturdy John Bull, who was a sort of scarecrow, in the face, they shook like quicksilver, and began to say their prayers as loud as they could halloo. Others had the impudence to send him word, that though in truth they must say he had reason

enough to fight Bull, yet being such a young lad, as it were, they thought he was a great fool; and as when one man is not a full match for another, the weaker he is the better for his bones, they would leave him to himself, in hopes he would come to his senses the sooner. They also told him they were the best friends he had in the world, and would prove it whenever he did just as they pleased, and did not want their assistance. Others, who were fellows after my own heart, turned out at once with a full intention to stand or fall with honest Jonathan, right or wrong. They were not such shill-I-shall-I rogues as to stop to inquire who had the best of the dispute, but, like honest blades, decided at once to fight first, and inquire into the right and the wrong of the matter when they were at leisure.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the behaviour of the tenants when they heard what Jonathan had done ; and how the boatmen grumbled at him for doing what they had wanted him to do a long time before, as they put forth.

WHEN the tenants got news of Jonathan having defied Squire Bull, though they had for a long time been calling him a sneak for putting up with John's insults, yet did they now fall into notable disputes, and many of them sing to another tune. They stopped in the fields from their work to arguefy, and left their farms at sixes and sevens to go to the taverns and beer-houses, and get at the why and wherefore of the matter. It was a rare sight to see these fellows with a sling or a glass of grog before them, one looking wiser than the other, and giving it as his opinion that Jonathan ought to have quarrelled with Beau Napperty as well as Squire Bull, because that would have shown, as clear as preaching, that he had no improper liking to the Beau. Another would make bold to say, he ought to have had a tiff with Beau Napperty, and let Squire Bull alone ; because as how the squire was, as a body might say, as innocent as sweet milk. A third was morally certain that Jonathan ought to have stood with his hands in his

pockets like a wise man, and not minded what such low fellows said or did to him.

There was no end to the talk about this affair, and everywhere at the taverns, blacksmiths' shops, and on Sundays at the church-doors, you might see fellows who would point out two ways, directly opposite to each other, either of which Jonathan might have travelled with perfect safety. Nay, such was the singular improvement which suddenly came upon people's minds, that miserable varlets might be seen, who, though they did not know that potatoes ought to be planted in the fulling of the moon, nor when it was harvest-time except by the almanac, did all at once grow so knowing, that they got to know Jonathan's affairs better than he did himself.

But the *boatmen* beat all the other tenants hollow in their talk about Jonathan. As they sat sunning themselves along the shores of the millpond, and beheld their boats lying useless on the beach, and their seams wide open, so that you could put your fingers in them, they used to get so angry that they hardly knew what to do with themselves, or who to lay the blame upon. At length, with one voice, they cried out that it was all Jonathan's fault; and some of the most enlightened boatmen, who could take lunar observations, and just tell which way the wind blew by only looking at the compass, proved it after this manner :—

In the first place, Jonathan had no business to

get so great with Beau Napperty ; for that he was very great with him was so plain, that nobody ever thought of giving a single good reason for believing it. A man, to be sure, has a right to choose his friends ; that is, all men except your landlords, who have no business to like anybody that Squire Bull dislikes. Then Jonathan was to blame—because, in the first place, he did not resent Bull's insults, and take better care of their boats ; and he was still more to blame for refusing to be on good terms with Bull, who was one of the best boatmen in the world. Lastly, it was all Jonathan's fault—because, in the first place, he did not challenge Bull long before ; and, in the second place, he challenged him at last.

This strange talk they got from some knowing schoolmasters, who had learned their logic out of Dilworth's spelling-book ; or mayhap, out of Noah Webster's, which we all have heard of. These fellows neglected their schools, left the doors wide open, and went about among the tenants, trying to convince them that all their troubles and difficulties arose from Jonathan's great liking for Beau Napperty, and his unnatural dislike to being tweaked by the nose, even by his own father. The tenants of these parts, as I said before, are a 'cute set, who know how to read and write, raise onions, and *swap* horses. They therefore believed all this to be gospel, especially when the parson of the parish of *Oniono* set to work and preached a long sermon,

in which, instead of telling them of the excellence of the Christian religion, the beauty of holiness, and the necessity of doing good ; he fell to work, and told them that Jonathan and all his friends were such a herd of wicked rogues, that so far from having any chance of getting to heaven, they were not fit to live upon earth ; advising them, at the same time, to keep the ten commandments, and hate neighbour Jonathan like good Christians. This sermon had great effect on the tenants ; though there were not a few people that liked Jonathan as little as the parson did, who thought that a man whose *oath of consecration* obliged him to be the advocate of charity and brotherly love, did little credit to his sacred function when he made use of that influence which his station gave him, for the purpose of sowing ill-will and dissensions among his flock.

But the tenants who, as was generally the case, made the most rout when they heard of Brother Jonathan's having challenged John Bull, were those of a little island the name of which I don't choose to remember ; a little barren place, that Jonathan had bought of an old Indian for fifty fathom of white beads. One would have thought, to hear them talk, that they were to fight Jonathan's battle, and pay the piper, all alone by themselves. They threatened to take the farm away from Jonathan, though in fact it was such a mean spot of ground, and paid so little rent, that he would hardly have missed it.

I have for the most part found, that the more diminutive the man, the more fractious and irritable he will be. A little dwarf of four feet high will fly into a fury at what a well-grown person, conscious of the dignity and strength of manhood, would pass by without notice. Moreover, to reduce the comparison to some sort of level with the subject, you will always find that a little shaggy lap-dog, a pug, or a half-blind puppy, will grin and yelp, and fly about this way and that, in a great passion, if you point your finger at him; whereas an honest mastiff will be pleased at this mark of your attention. This irritability in small animals arises, I think, from their being weak, and knowing that they are so; they make a great show and noise to disguise their fears and their weakness, and it is doubtless owing to this cause that the little farm of the nameless island was so fractious and noisy.

The people in the great farms of the Middlelands agreed mostly to stand by Jonathan. Some of them, indeed, shrugged up their shoulders and looked wise; but they thought it would be a mean trick to leave their landlord in the lurch. I must do the tenants of Middlelands the justice to say, that they were among the best tenants Jonathan had, being a set of honest, sober, hard-working fellows, who were well to do in the world, and did not fly into a passion as your poor knaves do, when Jonathan happened to pass them without pulling

off his hat, asking after the health of their brats, and how times went with them.

A good many of these tenants of Middlelands thought Jonathan had been a little too hasty ; but what of that ? Under his mild protection they had been a hundred times better off than Bull's or Beau Napperty's people, and they held it a slippery trick to desert him, now he was going to loggerheads with such a mortal stout fellow as John Bull.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How John Bull was a little stumped when he saw Jonathan's challenge, and how the old fellow got the blue devils outright when his boats were beat by Jonathan's.

WHEN Squire Bull got Brother Jonathan's challenge, he was more astonished than he had been in a great while. He was so used to put upon Jonathan, that he had come at last to think he might insult him whenever he pleased. His hangers-on, too, had all along told him he might do just as he liked, for Jonathan was so horribly afraid of him he would never bring himself to resent it, because he was the greatest skulker in all the neighbourhood. John sent word to his wife, who had gone to the CHAPEL,* not to pray but to talk, letting her know what had turned up. Mrs. Bull, who had a mighty dislike to poor Jonathan, was exceedingly tickled at the news, and forthwith drew upon the poor tenants for money to furnish sails and oars for his boats. The tenants, who because they had chosen this wife of Bull's to take care of their interests at the manor house, took it for granted she did so, launched out their money, though with many wry faces, for Bull had half a dozen quarrels

* St. Stephen's Chapel, where the English parliaments sit.

on his hands already, and they thought a reasonable man might be satisfied with them.

The squire having by far the most boats, resolved, in the first place, before he went over to meet Jonathan, whom he swore he would make daylight shine through, to scour the millpond, and get a sweep at Jonathan's boats. Jonathan, who was a pretty keen lad, suspected this would be the way, and sent out some of his best boats with orders that the hardest should fend off, as the rowers say. The first thing Bull heard was, that several of his boats, on trying to seize Jonathan's, had got most bitterly bethumped. This he swore was all a lie; but some of his rowers, coming home with black eyes and broken heads, put the story out of doubt, whereupon John fell into a fit of the blue devils, to which he was very subject. At first he moped and moped about the house, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, and would stop for a whole hour and look at the fire, as if he didn't know where he was; so that it was feared he would tuck himself up some rainy day, that being a sort of family complaint. Well, this lasted some days, and then he grew as sour as vinegar, growled like a bear, and threatened to kick all his overseers into the millpond. He swore he would look into this matter himself, to see what was the reason of all this.

"If I can only find out the reason, and all that sort of thing," quoth John, "I shall be easy. But I must be pacified with a good reason, or damme

I'll know the reason why." The overseers and hangers-on began to shake in their shoes at this, and saw that they would be turned out of doors neck and heels if they did not lay the maggot in the squire's head with a good reason. So they sent an old carpenter to tell John, that Jonathan's boats were at least six inches longer, and three inches broader than his, therefore they might well get the better of them.

Finding this made a great impression on John, they followed it up, and swore that Jonathan's boats were not only larger, but had more rowers, and, what was worse, most of these rowers were his own tenants, who, though the most faithful fellows in the world, and very much attached to him, were always running away when they could get a chance. It was no wonder, then, that he should be beat with his own cudgel. This exposition put the squire to a nonplus, and bothered his brain more than any thing he had ever heard. He took his ivory-headed cane, to which he always applied in cases of great puzzle, and putting it to his nose, pondered in this way. "If my boats are handled in this manner by own rowers, and all that sort of thing, how comes it to pass they fight so much better for Jonathan than for me?" This was getting between two stone walls, out of which John could not budge for the soul of him. So the squire placed himself in his arm-chair, called for a pot of strong beer, and pursued his subject till he

fell fast asleep. When he woke up they palavered him with a story of a great rising of Beau Napperty's tenants, stuck up a parcel of candles in his windows, gave the boys crackers to set off to please John, and thus tickled the old fellow into the best humour in the world. The rogues then laughed in their sleeves as usual, and one of them told the others in a whisper, "Only throw Johnny a tub, and, like a whale, he'll play with it till the boat is out of sight."

CHAPTER XXV.

How Squire Bull, finding Jonathan rather a hard character to deal with, offered to make up with him, and let matters remain just as they were.

I HAVE generally observed, that people get nothing by fighting but black eyes, bloody noses, and the reputation of having more pluck than brains. So it happened with Squire Bull, who, after putting himself to great expense to have a bout with Jonathan, and keep up the reputation of being the best boatman on the great millpond, got nothing for his pains, and ended about where he began, only that his pockets were more empty, and he carried a few additional scars on his pate. Jonathan, on the contrary, if he gained nothing else, got the respect of the neighbours, who used to call him a snivelling poltroon; and even Squire Bull, who, being a brave old codger himself, could not help admiring it in others, although he contrived to prate against him in other matters, could not help now and then grumbling out, "Plague take the rebellious dog; he has got some of my stuff in him, and I have a great mind to own him for my son again." Many people said the old squire would have made friends with him in good earnest, if Jonathan, who, like his father was somewhat given to bragging, had not every now and

then thrown it into his teeth that he had given him some good sound drubbings. This made John as mad as a hornet, for he was as proud as Lucifer, and always called himself lord of the millpond.

Nevertheless, the squire would sometimes take it into his head to say a good word or two about Jonathan, especially when it was his cue to tickle him a little ; and Master Canynge, who had quizzed him about his fir-built boats and striped bunting flags, on one occasion actually drank a toast, in which he called Mrs. Bull and Mrs. Jonathan the “ Mother and daughter.” Brother Jonathan was mightily tickled at this, and thought now that Bull was in such a good-humour, he would get him to sign a paper giving up his claims to the millpond, and to the right of taking away his boatmen. When Bull received this application, he tipped Master Canynge the wink, as much as to say, “ what a greenhorn is my son Jonathan, not to know the difference between a civil speech and a civil action ? ” He ordered Master Canynge to write a long letter to Jonathan, saying that though he had the highest respect for him, he would see him hanged before he would give him any proof of it. Jonathan replied in a letter twice as long ; and so they continued writing mighty civil notes, all beginning with denying each other’s claims, and ending, like a challenge, with “ your most obedient servant.” It was enough to make you die of laughing to see how they tried to get to windward of each other. But it was

diamond cut diamond ; the squire was as sharp as one of his own razors, and as for Jonathan, he never made a bad bargain in his life, not even when he married.

Thus they continued to keep up the show, without much of the substance of friendship ; for the truth is, that Jonathan was so like his daddy that the old squire could never forgive him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How Squire Bull, with all his pretensions to good fellowship, has a fling at brother Jonathan now and then.

HAVING no partialities for, or prejudices against either Bull or Brother Jonathan, I have, through the whole course of this history, endeavoured to do justice to both father and son, without excusing the faults or puffing up the merits of either. But I must say that Jonathan had all along too good cause of complaint against the old man, and that after their last set-to, the squire did not altogether behave himself like a good neighbour. The truth is, he was like most gouty old fellows, who have held up their heads a long while, and taken great airs on themselves, not a little jealous when he saw Jonathan treading close on his heels, and outdoing him in many things he most valued himself upon. In particular, Jonathan's skill in building and sailing boats was a great eyesore to Bull, for that was his weak side, and if you only pointed your finger at it, the old man felt it right in the short ribs.

The squire was somewhat tired and disgusted, as he said, with fighting Jonathan open and above-board, who, he swore, did not understand the art of boxing like a gentleman; and instead of standing off and milling in a scientific style, would run

in upon him, and trip up his heels contrary to all rules. Now when a man cherishes a certain degree of ill-will for another, and does not choose to fight it out, it will generally be found that he makes himself amends by talking against him on all occasions, raising evil reports, and making him out no better than he should be.

So it was with the squire, who, when certain evil-disposed people who knew John's weak side, would come over and smoke a pipe and drink beer with him, and tell the old man how Jonathan's farms were growing every day bigger and bigger, and increasing in number so that they amounted to almost double of what they once were ; and how he carried on a great trade with the neighbours, and how his tenants were the happiest and most prosperous fellows in the world, together with other doses of wormwood and tansy. I say, when John heard all this, he would puff out huge volumes of smoke, fidget about in his great chair, and cry out in a great passion, "S'blood and fury, neighbours, what do I care for all this ? Did I not beget him ? Did he not learn all he knows, and more besides, from me ; and is he not a slack-breeched, saucy, guessing, bragging, lying, cheating rascal, though he is my son, and they say looks as much like me as two peas ?"

When Jonathan, as he was pretty sure to do, heard all this, he would get into a pretty considerable of a passion himself, and scold back again as

hard as he could pelt. This was carried to the squire's ears in good time, and set his tongue going faster than ever, to the tune of the bitterest swearing you ever heard. It was an unseemly thing to hear father and son abusing and calling one another names in this way ; but I must say it was in a great measure the squire's fault. He began first, and continued longest ; so that if ever a son had reason to complain of his father, it was poor Jonathan, who, while he was doing all he could to establish a good name in the neighbourhood, found that John's backbitings and illnatured remarks were continually setting people against him, and getting him into hot water. I have heard say the poison of calumny cannot be cured, even by the balsam of good actions, and Jonathan found it so to his cost.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How Squire Bull's tenants began to give up their leases, and go over to settle on Jonathan's farms.

Though the tenants of Squire Bull were a set of hard-working, industrious fellows, yet Bull, who had the reputation of screwing them rather hard, from time to time raised their rents, and under pretence of building churches, paying the parson, asserting the rights of the manor, and keeping up his own dignity, kept them as poor as Job's turkey, that I have heard could not eat for bones. People in general, though ever so reasonable and judicious, don't like to part with their lawful earnings, and it is no easy matter to reconcile them to having their pockets picked by bailiffs and tax-gatherers, even though it may be according to law.

This was the case with John's tenants, who cast many a sheep's eye over the great millpond towards Jonathan's farms, where they heard of such things as fairly made their mouths water. They longed to go over there ; and whenever they could get a good chance, packed up bag and baggage, wife and children, and took French leave of their crusty old landlord, without asking his permission, or bidding him so much as good-by. By this means some of

his best farms lost their best tenants ; and instead of having a set of jolly fellows as he once had, who could afford a little fun to themselves sometimes, he found himself troubled with whole swarms of them, who, instead of paying their rents, were obliged to come upon the parish, or labour in his workshops, which everybody said was worse than being a negro.

Though this was the natural upshot of land being so cheap, and rents so low in Jonathan's farms, and a certain free and easy disposition on the part of that honest fellow, yet did Squire Bull somehow or other get it into his wise pate, that as Jonathan had seduced his boatmen away in the last squabble they had, he was now seducing his tenants in the same unneighbourly manner. He did not, or would not see what was as plain as the nose on his face, that this seduction was nothing but those good things which men run after whenever they can get a chance. Be this as it may, he called Jonathan such a grist of hard names as would make your hair stand on end to hear.

Then he went among his tenants, and after telling them that they were the happiest tenants, and he the very best landlord in the whole neighbourhood, began to cut at Brother Jonathan at a fine rate.

"My honest lads," quoth he, putting on a mighty big look, "did not your fathers, your grandfathers, your great-grandfathers, and your great-great-grandfathers, live and flourish under me and my fathers

from time immemorial, and eat roast-beef and plumpudding"—here the mouths of the poor fellows began to weep actual tears—"I say roast-beef and plumpudding, boys, besides stout ale and porter."

"But alas!" said the tenants, "we can't get any now, and are fain to live on bread and cheese."

"And suppose you are," answered the squire, waxing wroth—"suppose you are, you stupid blockheads; did not your ancestors live and flourish under my family time out of mind, and will you be so ungrateful as to refuse to put up with a little moderate hunger for the honour of your forefathers and mine? Body o' me! but I see you have been seduced by that sapsull son Jonathan, and his confounded Yankee notions. So you won't starve at home upon scientific principles, you ungrateful villains, hey?"

To which the tenants replied, "It is true, our forefathers have been comfortable as the tenants of your family; but as their children cannot be comfortable any longer, we think we had better try somewhere else. We can't live on the roast-beef and plumpudding of our ancestors."

"No!" cried the squire, his eyes almost starting out of his head—"Not live on the roast-beef and plumpudding of your ancestors, you grovelling, low-lived scum of democracy—poor fellows without souls, that think only of your bodies. Yes, yes, I see how it is—I see how it is, that rebellious

rascal Jonathan has been seducing you. Why, you great oafs, don't you know that the poorest d—l on Jonathan's farms can vote at town-meetings and elections; and that high and low, rich and poor, are all equal on Jonathan's farms? Would you live among such a mean, low-lived set of fellows, not one of whom can carry his head higher than his neighbour? Answer me that, you great blockheads."

"That is exactly what we should like," replied these honest fellows; "we are quite tired of seeing people hold their heads so much higher than ourselves; and, above all things, desire to have a voice at town-meetings and elections."

Squire Bull found he had got on a snag, as they say in the Far West farms, and tacked about as fast as he could.

"But, my honest fellows," said he, coaxingly, "don't you know that the very poorest of you, if he is wise enough, can, if he has good luck, come to be a justice of the peace, or even high constable in that scurvy fellow my son Brother Jonathan's farms? Would you live in a place where such low fellows get into office?"

"We should like it of all things," said the poor tenants; "we are tired of magistrates that have no fellow-feeling with ourselves."

The squire this time ran against a sawyer, and once more changed his tune.

"But, my dear friends, don't you know that

liquor and every thing else is so plenty and cheap on Jonathan's farms, that a man can get a dinner and get fuddled besides for a shilling. Would you leave your old landlord, who only keeps you on short commons for your own good, to indulge in doing as you please, and drinking as much as you like?"

"What a glorious place!" cried the tenants, one and all. "Let us be off as soon as possible!"

So away they went to buy boats to carry them over to Jonathan's farms, leaving the squire to wonder with all his might, that what was so mighty disagreeable to the landlord should be so very agreeable to the tenants. He found this to be so outrageously unreasonable, that he called the poor fellows a set of ungrateful rascals, and Jonathan a rebellious son of a tinker. He cudgelled his brains for a whole week, and at length hit on a most capital way of being even with Jonathan for seducing his tenants, giving them plenty of land at a small rent, and allowing them to vote at elections.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of the way Squire Bull took to be even with Brother Jonathan.

JOHN BULL had a long time ago set up a good number of schools on Bullock Island, for the teaching of Greek, Latin, and other light matters, to the sons of the better sort of tenants, insomuch that some of them, it is said, come at last to tell the difference between a *b* and a bull's foot in Greek and Latin: whereat the squire grew as vain as a turkey-cock, and swore he had scholars among his tenants that could twist any man of their inches in all the neighbourhood.

There were besides, among them, fellows that wrote books, such as almanacs, cock-and-bull stories, and the like; and to give every one their due, here and there a wiseacre, who knew but every thing. Some of these could explain the cause of earthquakes and burning mountains; others could tell, within a foot, the size of a star, that could not be seen without spectacles; others could prove that black was the white of your eye, provided nobody contradicted them; others could demonstrate that the moon was made of green cheese, and others tell what was inside of your head by only feeling the outside. In short, there

was no end to the scholarship of Squire Bull's tenants, one out of ten of whom could almost read and write.

Now John, after having convinced his stupid tenants aforesaid of the propriety of running away to Jonathan's farms thought to himself he would be even with him for seducing them. He determined, like the honest Quaker, not to smite him, but to give him a bad name. So, not content with abusing him by word of mouth, which he failed not to do ten times a day, John went to work, and got his great scholars to write libels against the honest fellow, which he had posted up against the doors of churches and taverns, and repeated by the crier at all public places. "Body o' me!" quoth he, "but I'll pepper him till he is black in the face, that's what I will. I begat him, and have a right to abuse the rascal as much as I please."

These poor rogues of scribblers that John hired were glad enough to earn an honest penny in this way, seeing they were sometimes pretty hard run for a dinner; and it was a saying among them, "that a man must eat though he lies for it." Accordingly, they set to work to earn an honest livelihood by belabouring honest Jonathan pretty handsomely, as we shall see.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How one Farmer Parkinson undertook to prove Brother Jonathan was no great farmer.

THE first fellow that I believe undertook to score Jonathan, was one Farmer Parkinson, who, having ruined himself by farming on Bullock Island, went over to the West farms, to show them how to manage their affairs in that quarter. But Jonathan's people had a way of their own, which they did not choose to unlearn all at once, especially as Master Parkinson did not prosper in his way as they had heard. Friend Parkinson went all about among Jonathan's farms, finding fault with every thing, running down their fences, abusing their ploughs, oxen, horses, and what not, and predicting their utter ruin if they did not turn over a new leaf and learn a lesson of him. But they only tipped each other the wink, as much as to say, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." A broken-down farmer is not the best hand in the world to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs, I guess.

So Farmer Parkinson went back to Bullock Island, and wrote an advertisement, which was put up everywhere, saying that Brother Jonathan was no farmer, and as ignorant as one of his

horses. The squire was tickled to death at this, and went about telling his tenants what Farmer Parkinson had written. But they only scratched their heads, and wondered that Jonathan's tenants should grow so rich, seeing they knew nothing about farming.

CHAPTER XXX.

How Lawyer Janson tried his hand at a fling at Brother Jonathan.

THE next fellow John hired to come over to Jonathan's farms to pick holes in his jacket, was one Lawyer Janson, who, I have heard say, never took fees from both clients, because he could not get any clients to take them from. He was, however, reckoned rather an eminent practitioner, and belonged, I believe, to that class called pettifoggers, which, reversing the order of precedence, is the highest of all.

Lawyer Janson, not getting much practice in Bullock Island, one reason of which was, the law was so dear few people could afford to buy it, offered his services to go over the millpond, and find out a few more of Jonathan's peccadilloes. The squire accordingly put his hand in his breeches-pocket, where great people always carry their money, and gave him enough to pay his ferriage across the millpond, telling him he must wait for the rest till he came back again.

The lawyer settled himself, I believe, in one of the farms Down East, as I have heard; and where he soon reversed the order of nature, for having no

clients, and getting into debt, he was taken the law of instead of taking the law of others. Whereupon he put in a new species of common bail, that is to say, he gave leg bail, and ran away like a brave fellow. I heard he was in such a hurry, and was so terribly scared, that he never looked behind him till he got somewhere away off in the Southlands, where he stopped to take breath and make memorandums of what he had seen. Being heartily disgusted with the farms and the tenants, he went over again to Bullock Island, where he posted up a great handbill, charging Brother Jonathan with knowing no more of law than some great lawyers do.

“Body o’ me !” said Squire Bull to his tenants, “what do you think of that, you great blockheads and be hanged to you ?”

“Marry, there is no great harm in that,” was their reply ; “a man may have too much of a good thing—too much of law, and too much of lawyers.”

Upon this John let fly his wig at them, and swore no poor fellow ever had such a set of blockheads for tenants as himself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How there next came over a smart young sprig, who was reckoned a great beau among Squire Bull's boatmen.

THERE was among John's boatmen a smart, pert, idle, good-for-nothing young fellow, who, his parents not knowing what to do with him, put him aboard of one of the squire's boats to learn good manners, and, maybe, some day or other, get to be captain of one of them. His name was De Roos or De Goose, I forget which, and he boasted of coming of a good family because he had a name beginning with a De, though, for my part, I can't tell why. This chap having been a long while sculling about in the millpond, without getting to be any thing but a cabin-boy, thought he might perhaps get a little into Squire Bull's good graces, by taking a trip over to Jonathan's farms, and picking a few more holes in the poor lad's jacket.

De Goose, as I am pretty sure he was called, was, as I said, a mighty fine sort of a spark, a very old boy among the girls, so that when he came over they almost tittered their little eyes out at seeing such a pretty, nice fellow. He staid a whole night and almost a day in Brother Jonathan's farms, after which he went back to Bullock Island, and

posted up a paper, in which he pledged his honour that Jonathan was no gentleman, for he kept company with his tenants, and admitted mechanics into his parlour.

“There, my boys ! there !” cried John to his tenants ; “what do you think of that, you stupid ninnyhammers ?”

“Not quite so bad, after all,” said they ; “there is no harm in landlords keeping company sometimes with their tenants, if it is only to get acquainted with their characters. And as for letting poor people come into his parlour, we should like that above all things.”

Upon this they gave a great huzza for Brother Jonathan, and paddled over to his farms as fast as they could.

“What stupid dolts !” cried the squire, shaking his head ; “they will never know what’s good for them. But I must not forget my little De Goose.”

Accordingly, in pure gratitude for taking so much pains to enlighten his tenants, he made him captain of one of his old ferryboats.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How Squire Bull sent over one Peter Porcupine to pry into Jonathan's private affairs.

JOHN had about him an old corporal, who went by the nickname of Peter Porcupine, one of the most abusive fellows ever known. He was always backbiting the squire, who once or twice got out of patience and clapped him up in jail for his pains. But though the squire did not like to be clapper-clawed himself by Peter, he knew by experience what a bitter boy he was at getting up a pack of lies, and for that reason he got him dressed up like a gentleman, and putting some money in his pockets, sent him over to print handbills and paste them up under Jonathan's very nose.

Peter accordingly came over the millpond, and played away at a fine rate, saying just what he liked, and telling as many great lies as he could invent, for Jonathan was a good-natured fellow, and made it a point of conscience to let his own tenants say what they pleased of him. To be sure they sometimes scored him pretty handsomely, but there is a great difference between the freedoms of old acquaintances and strangers. Peter was a vulgar kind of a chap, and the greatest master of

bad language that ever was known. He wrote a grammar on purpose to teach people how to abuse one another in good English. Mercy upon us ! how he did belabour honest Jonathan, even before he knew the poor lad by sight. He called him all sorts of names, such as rogue, fool, hypocrite, blackguard, ignoramus, negro-driver, and what not. Taking advantage of Jonathan's easy temper, he went so far as to swear he had no right to his own property, and tried to persuade the tenants to go over in a body to Squire Bull, who he said would make them as happy as the day was long, and happier too.

This was urging the joke rather too far, and at last Jonathan got his back up. He brought his action of slander against the old corporal, and cast him in swinging damages, which he found rather hard to pay, though he had made a good deal of money out of Jonathan's tenants, who always pay well for seeing themselves handsomely abused in black and white. Upon this the corporal had his house painted all over black, and after throwing "a bone" for the democrats "to gnaw," he packed himself off home again, to tell John all about it.

The old squire hereupon called a good many of his tenants around him, and addressed them as follows :—

"My honest fellows ! you hear what the old corporal says about Jonathan, and all that sort of thing. How happy you are, you great blockheads, if you did but know it. Yet you are always hank

ering after that snivelling fellow's farms, though he lets his tenants do almost just what they please, so that they are pretty much their own masters, and get so rich in a few years that they are able to buy Jonathan out of some of his best lands. A fine place, truly, for a gentleman to live in, hey! you stupid rascals!"

"Not so fine for a gentleman," quoth the tenants, "but very fine for us." So they shouted huzza for Brother Jonathan, and bundled themselves off to the farms as fast as they could. .

John scratched his pate, and whistled his old tune of "God save the king," which he always did when out of sorts; and turning to Peter, began calling him a great fool for abusing Jonathan for the very things that made all his tenants fall in love with the young rascal, and run after him as if they were mad. He refused to do any thing for the old corporal, who, out of pure spite to John, began to praise Jonathan with all his might, and abuse his old daddy. He swore the squire's tenants were a set of "flogged" rogues, for which John had him clapped up in jail; for being lord of the manor of Bullock, his will was pretty much law in these cases.

"Stay there," quoth the squire, "till you learn good manners, and leave off telling lies." But he might have staid there till doomsday before that happened.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

How Squire Bull sent over one Captain All, who, it was said, could write better than fight, to find out some more of Brother Jonathan's faults, and how the captain, being troubled with squinting, saw every thing crooked.

JOHN BULL, being somewhat out of patience at the unaccountable effect produced among his tenants by the great pains he had taken to enlighten them concerning Brother Jonathan and his bad habits, determined to pick out one of his cleverest fellows this time, to send over on a voyage of discovery. He accordingly found out an old tarpaulin of a fellow among his boatmen, who had sailed all round the millpond ever so many times, and made several great discoveries that nobody else had ever seen before or ever saw afterwards. By reason of having long been in the habit of keeping a regular logbook, the captain, as he was called on account of having once commanded a bumboat, was considered to write a very good hand, and, what was more, could spell like a schoolmaster by the help of the dictionary.

There was no end to the tough stories he told about what he had seen and done in distant parts. He had bought ever so many fair winds of an old witch Down East; had caught one of the lights

that sometimes are seen in a storm sticking to the ropes of a vessel, and used it to light his binnacle with ; had been among the people that live right under us on the other side of the world, and walk with their heads downwards like flies against the ceiling ; had seen a seaserpent sixteen times as long as the one at Jonathan's farms Down East, and discovered a great island in an out-of-the-way part of the millpond called Loo-choo, where all the people were born without heads, and yet had the longest ears he ever saw, longer even than his own. In fact, he was supposed by some to shoot with a long bow, and went among John's tenants by the name of old Quid, the tough yarn spinner, he being a great chewer of tobacco.

But Squire Bull liked him the better for drawing a long bow, because, he thought to himself, the captain would not stick at trifles in a good cause. Accordingly he caused the captain to be dressed up like a gentleman, that he might the better impose on Jonathan and his tenants ; put a great cocked-hat bedizened with copper-lace on his head, stuck a pair of tarnished epaulettes on his shoulders with a couple of pins, and fastened a rusty sword to the waistband of his breeches at least two yards long. He then gave him a hearty kick of the breech, in token of his approbation, and sent him away with plenty of letters of recommendation, setting forth in the most pompous manner his great valour as

an officer, and his great accomplishments as a gentleman.

Jonathan received this doughty fellow with all the respect due to his cocked-hat, his epaulettes, his long sword, and his letters of recommendation, for he was one of the most hospitable lads in the world, and kept open house to all persons, especially strangers, high and low, rich and poor. He feasted the captain to such a degree, and plied him so lustily with good liquor, that half the time the captain did not know whether he was not walking with his head downwards, like the queer creatures he had seen on the other side of the earth. He grew fat and saucy, like all low fellows, with this lusty fare, and began to believe himself a great officer, only because Jonathan treated him better than he deserved. Jonathan, moreover, gave him letters to all parts of his estate, recommending it to his tenants to make much of the distinguished stranger, as he called him, like a young gosling as he was.

The captain went all over Jonathan's farms, asking questions of everybody, and getting into a passion if anybody asked questions of him; poking his nose everywhere, prying into every one's business, and making memorandums in his logbook. Jonathan's tenants, who are in the main a cute set of fellows, often bantered him with all sorts of tough stories, which he would write down in his logbook, and little thought that he was going to put

them out as all gospel when he got home. The captain went grumbling his way from one end of Jonathan's farms to the other, collecting every thing and nothing that fell in his path, and after eating his way manfully through and through, at last sailed over the great millpond with his logbook.

There never was a man half so well pleased in this world, according to the best of my belief, as John Bull was when he put on his spectacles and read the captain's logbook, which certainly was the cleverest thing ever written since the travels of Baron Munchausen, who, I ought to have mentioned before, was the captain's grandfather by the mother's side, as I have heard. For a man that squinted so mortally, it was astonishing what correct views he had taken ; and nothing was wanting to a proper understanding of the whole, but to make allowance for the captain's infirmity, and take things directly contrary to what he saw them. His pictures were, in fact, all turned upside down, like the odd fellows he saw walking on their heads the other side of the world. Then the logbook was published at John's expense, as was pretty generally supposed, and everybody swore it was the most philosophical work they had ever seen, only that the captain's conclusions were always at loggerheads with his premises, and his individual examples for ever opposed to his general inferences. But this I have always thought was owing to the captain's unlucky habit of squinting, which origi-

nated, as I have heard, in his always going out in the sun without a hat when he was a little boy and used to go wading along the edge of the millpond to catch tadpoles.

Be this as it may, John Bull was so tickled with the captain's logbook, that he gave him a new uniform, and was casting about how he might further reward his eminent services, when he was taken all aback by some one coming in to tell him that another great parcel of his tenants had packed off, bag and baggage, to Jonathan's farms, being thereto sorely impelled by the captain's philosophical conclusions.

The squire was so bothered at this, that he sat down in his arm-chair and fell into a great brown study: never was a poor gentleman so puzzled to account for a thing as plain as the nose on his face. If he had only put himself in the place of his tenants, he would have found out, soon enough, that the very things with which he twitted Brother Jonathan, were exactly what tickled his own tenants, and made them so anxious to hold lands under him. All he had to do was to make them believe that Jonathan was just such a bitter old landlord as himself, and there would be no danger of his practicing any more seductions upon them:

But this never occurred to the squire, and he determined to try his hand at getting up another logbook, like a headstrong, obstinate old fellow as he was.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How Squire Bull dressed up an ugly old trollope as a lady, and sent her over to try her hand at opening the eyes of his stupid tenants.

THERE was an old woman, that, as I have been credibly informed, sold fish and muscles about the manor of Bullock ; but owing to her carrying a d—l of a tongue in her head, and abusing everybody that tried to beat down her prices, had gradually got rather low in the world. Whenever she came round with her alewives and gar-fish, the people would all shut their doors for fear of a lecture ; so that the short and the long of the story is, she failed in business, and, it is said, paid her creditors only one ounce of fish in the pound. She was, however, a pert, smart sort of a body, had learned to read and write at a parish school, and might have kept a school or some such thing if she had only been able to hold her tongue a little. They say she was once ducked for a common scold, but I cannot pledge myself as to that matter.

The squire, happening to have some recollection of the old woman, having once been pretty well lectured by her in a bargain for a John Dory, thought to himself, as all his male missionaries had done him only harm, he would try what a

female could do. So he sent for her to come to him, which she did in not one of her best humours. John who, as I said, knew her of old, felt a little skittish when she came, with a great old black calash on her head, a faded silk gown, and divers other remnants of her ancient glories, which she always wore on great occasions.

John undertook to let her into his plan in the most delicate way he could think of; but though there was something in the thing that pleased the spiteful old creature well enough, she began to rate him soundly, on account of some old grudges not worth speaking of in this place.

"Marry, come up, my doughty squire," cried she, "you can be civil enough now you want me. You forget, I 'spose, when you rated me about that John Dory, which, as I am a living sinner, was as fresh as a spring morning, though you said its gills were as blue as indigo. Yes, yes; but I'll let you know I'm not to be made a fool of: I'm not to be bamboozled, befooled, and befiddled in this way, I can tell you. I am an honest woman, and I don't care who knows it. You mustn't think to poke fun into me in this way, that I can tell you." And she gradually raised her voice till it squeaked like a fiddle, so that the squire was fain to stuff his thumbs into his ears.

But they say hard squalls never last long, and this one blew over in a few minutes. The squire, albeit he would like to have had the old creature

ducked, having a point to gain, held on his anger like a whole team, and locked the wheels of his tongue for fear it should run down hill and dash his project all to pieces. He coaxed her at last into a better humour, and by promising her a new hat, a new poplin gown, and a whole bladder of snuff, at last brought her to consent to go over the millpond to Jonathan's farms, and look into the manners and customs of the good women there, and see wherein they were wanting in civility and refinement. At the same time, the sly rogue could not, for the soul of him, help laughing in his sleeve, to think what a fine judge of such matters was this old sinner, who, he had good reason to know, had never eaten out of any thing better than a wooden trencher in all her born days.

The old creature, after bargaining for a looking-glass to see herself in her new dress on the passage over the millpond, at length set sail, and in good time arrived at the mouth of a great creek that ran a good way up into Jonathan's farms in the Far West. There chanced to be in the same boat that carried over Madame Trollope, as she was nicknamed, a young single lady, who, though she had several husbands, was never married, so far as I can learn. This young, single married-woman was going over to Jonathan's farms to civilize the people, and teach the women a proper regard to morals. Now, as Madame Trollope was going to set them an example in good manners, nothing was

more natural than that these two should grow very intimate, and as it were, join stocks together.

Accordingly, they patched up a great friendship, and agreed to prosecute their benevolent intentions towards the wives and daughters of Brother Jonathan's tenants in partnership. But the old creature's tongue was such an unruly member, that she could not for the life of her keep it in order ; so that by the time they began to know one another tolerably well, a separation took place. The young unmarried woman with several husbands went her way to preach up her new system of morals, and the old creature to exercise her skill in polishing the manners of the rude women of Jonathan's farms, who knew nothing of the delights of flirtation, and were so ineffably vulgar that, it is currently said, they looked upon the marriage vow as little less than a sacred obligation.

What became of the young woman I never heard, but the old one found her way up the long creek to one of Jonathan's new settlements, where she was received and treated with the greatest kindness, and passed for a lady among the simple tenants for a time. This settlement was what they call a new clearing, inhabited by a people of plain homely habits, but withal of great industry and enterprise, and possessed of a tolerable portion of good sense as well as sagacity. They had a new country to clear and cultivate, and possessed all the good qualities so generally found among an

industrious population of farmers. They did not understand the frisky airs Madame Trollope gave herself, nor could they be brought to giving up reading the Bible and going to church, which the old creature said was what made them so mighty stupid about understanding the true intent and meaning of the marriage vow.

But this was not the worst; the men actually spit against the wind, ate their dinners in a great hurry, I suppose, because they had something to do afterwards; and sometimes, instead of drinking wine at the dinner-table, drank a glass of bitters at the bar. But what capped the climax, they one and all resolutely declined making love to the old creature, who, now that she was dressed out so fine, had a notion that she was a beauty. She fell into a roaring passion, and all but swore the tenants of Jonathan had no more sensibility to female charms or female society than so many racoons; and all this because they would not go about philandering with an old woman, whose voice squeaked like a fiddle, and whose face was, they say, not much unlike that of the fish called a sole.

The old creature, being disgusted with the insensibility of these stupid blockheads, got into a tearing passion, and went into the woods some way off, where she set up a school of painting and other accomplishments. But she got no scholars, because there were none to be had; and then she fell into another passion, and declared the people

had no more taste for the polite arts than the wild Indians. After this, she set up a shop in the settlement I mentioned before, furnished with wooden horses, humming-tops, tin swords, with all sorts of children's playthings and the like, which the tenants had no more use for than they had for the old creature's accomplishments, which I believe were, after all, but make-believe; for I don't see how an old fishwoman could come honestly by them, for my part.

At last she got out of all patience with these stubborn people, and pronounced them, as well as I can recollect hard words, incorrigible, and utterly incapable of development. She scolded and fidgeted about for some time, and played the fine lady at a great rate, but all in vain. Nobody came to flirt with her; the women persisted in going to church instead of making love to other peoples' husbands, and the men continued to spit against the wind, and eat by slight of hand, in spite of all she could say or do.

Finding they were of such rough materials that it was impossible to make them bear a polish, the old creature one day at a tea-party fell foul of them tooth and nail; she called them devotees, church-goers, stupid domestic drudges that did not know the delights of flirtation; finicking, mincing, mock-modest, squeamish, hardworking, domestic tabby cats; and as for the men, she denounced them for a tobacco-chewing, spitting,

gouging, fast-eating, sling-drinking set, with heads like a beetle, and consciences so soft that they were afraid to make love against law and gospel. After this, she turned her back on the company, and slapping her hand on a place that shall be nameless, to show her breeding, strutted majestically out of the room, and made tracks, as the saying is, for the ancient manor of Bullock, where she arrived in due season.

Squire Bull was hugely delighted to see her come back again, and all but kissed the old creature when he found what a precious mess of scandal she had manufactured for the edification of his tenants. He got it all printed, hired Captain All to swear it was every bit true, and calling his tenants before him, thus addressed them :—

“ You see, my honest fellows, and be hanged to you, what a poor d—l is my son Jonathan, and what miserable, unpolished, vulgar dogs are his tenants. They don’t give themselves time to eat, and—”

“ But then they have plenty to eat,” said John’s tenants.

“ Hold your tongues, you impudent varlets,” said the squire, in a rage, “ and hear what I am going to say—I was saying,” here he took out Madame Trollope’s book, which it is said Captain All wrote for her, and putting on his spectacles, refreshed his memory by looking over some parts of it. “ Ah ! yes—here we have it all in black and white—now

listen, you intolerable blockheads. If you go over to my son Jonathan's farms, you will have no flirtations ; you will know nothing of painting, sculpture, and the fine arts ; you will not be able to get a living by selling wooden horses, tin trumpets, and the like ; and as for music, they play on the banjo, and sing nothing but the ' Old Hundred' there. Now I, you know, boys, am one of the most musical fellows in the world, and will teach you all to sing like nightingales—listen, you intolerable blockheads."

And then he began to roar "God save the king," so that some of Jonathan's tenants thought they heard him quite across the millpond, and took it for thunder. Upon this the tenants, who are very loyal fellows, began to join chorus, and they had a bout of it among them.

"Now, my hearties," quoth the old squire, "listen to me :—if you go over to Jonathan's farms, you'll get no music except that of the ' Old Hundred.'"

"But we can't live on music," said the tenants.

"Hem ! but, you egregious ninnies, you don't see the thing in a right point of view—as I was saying, you'll be able to sell no wooden horses or tin trumpets."

"But you know, squire, we don't make wooden horses or tin trumpets, and don't want to sell them."

"But, you infernal knaves—you egregious doddipols—you gnatsnappers you—don't I tell you there are no churches in Jonathan's farms, and that his

tenants only pay the parson just what they please, the unbelieving villains !”

“ The very thing,” cried they all, with one voice.

“ But I tell you the fellow has no more religion than the Pope of Rome.”

“ Just what we want,—we have paid enough to the church and the parson,” cried they all again.

“ But I tell you, you ninnyhammer gnatsnappers, that—”

Here he again had recourse to the old creature’s book, and after turning over a good number of leaves, looked up to go on with his speech, when lo ! and behold ! his tenants had marched off one and all, and he saw them half way across the mill-pond, paddling away for life towards Jonathan’s farms.

“ Body o’ me !” exclaimed the squire, “ I believe the old boy is in them all, for they won’t listen to reason.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

How one Parson Fibber comes over to convert Jonathan's tenants to the true church, and teach them some outlandish language, the name of which I have forgot.

THERE was a prosing old parson about Bullock Island, who sometimes eked out his living by keeping a night-school to teach some outlandish tongue, that was of no more use to the tenants than two tongues would have been. He was very much liked by people that go to church to take a comfortable nap, but among the greater part of the tenants he was reckoned a dull sort of a fellow enough. He was, moreover, a sad hand at telling fibs, by which he got the nickname of Fibber, though I believe his real name was Fiddler, a droll name for a parson. Some said he ought to have been called Bagpipes, for he always preached with a mortal drone.

Be this as it may, Parson Fibber, finding it rather difficult to make both ends meet, and that the tenants of Bullock Island had lost all confidence in his word, so that they would hardly believe the Scriptures when he preached them, thought to himself he would go over to Jonathan's farms, where he was not so well known, and where he had heard

people were mighty fond of taking a comfortable nap in church. He expected to get all at once into a good fat living, it being one of the thirty-nine articles of belief I spoke of in the beginning of this history, that there were neither churches nor preachers in Jonathan's farms. The honest tenants of Bullock Island did not know that there were plenty of churches, and more sects than churches by a great deal.

Parson Fibber played his bagpipes all through the farms, and called aloud and spared not; but he got no call for all that, and what was worse, Jonathan's tenants demurred to learning the outlandish tongue, which was of no use to them, being very busy cultivating their lands, making fences, and working like brave fellows, that they might keep themselves and their children from coming upon the parish like Squire Bull's tenants. They moreover, one and all, refused to fall asleep at his sermons, upon which he was so mortified that he turned his back upon them, and went over to Bullock Island, where he wrote a book duller than one of his own sermons, in which he indulged himself wonderfully in drawing the long bow, and many people thought outdid all his former exploits in this species of archery.

The squire, as usual, was hugely delighted with the new batch of stories against Jonathan, and, as I read in one of the newspapers of Bullock Island, promoted the parson to a *stall*, where I suppose

he was allowed to eat oats with John's horses. He then sent for some of his tenants that he heard were thinking of going over to Jonathan's farms, and holding the parson's book upside down in his hand, began to tell them as follows :—

“ My jolly fellows, I hear you talk of going over to that snivelling, hop-o'-my-thumb jockey, my son Jonathan. Now I tell you that you are a parcel of blockheads. Look here—” and then he read out of the parson's book how Jonathan's tenants, though they all had more or less books in their houses, had no great libraries full of great folios that not one in a hundred could read, and that they had no more religion than horses, for they would not give Parson Fibber a good fat living in reward for putting them to sleep every Sunday.

He then took down an old rusty key, which looked as if it had not been used since the invention of locks, and after worrying and swearing not a little, because it was so rusty it would not turn round, at last, with much ado, opened a door and showed them a great number of big books, all covered with dust and spider-webs, and looking as sleepy as if they had not been disturbed for a hundred years. He took down one and brushing off the dust with his coat-sleeve, which turned the colour of a miller's frock, opened it and tried to read ; but being rather out of practice, he only mumbled a little to himself and shut it again.

“ There, my boys,” cried he, snapping his fingers,

“ what do you think of that, hey ? aint I a scholar, you great blockheads ? and yet you want to sneak over to my son Jonathan, who, considering I begat him, does little credit to his daddy, and whose tenants, though they can all read, write, and cipher, have no great libraries like this, and Parson Fibber says, don’t understand Greek at all. You may judge of the value they put upon learning, when it is so cheap they can get it for nothing ! What think you of that, boys, hey ? ”

“ Get learning for nothing ! ” cried they all, with one voice,—“ Huzza for Brother Jonathan ! let’s be off, boys, and leave the squire to his big books, which nobody, not even himself, can understand.”

So away they went, leaving John with his book in his hand, and his spectacles on his nose, swearing like a trooper. He had a great mind to take Parson Fibber from the stall, and put one of his horses in his place again, only he had somehow or other got the reputation of being the great bulwark of the church, and did not like to lose it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

How Squire Bull's new wife was suspected of being too great with Brother Jonathan, who it was thought had put strange notions in her head.

MUCH about this time John Bull's wife began to talk to a new tune, and take considerable liberties with the old squire's household, which, she insisted upon it, wanted reforming. She told him his house was overrun with a parcel of lazy, good-for-nothing servants, who set themselves up for gentlemen,—“Marry come up! gentlemen indeed,” would she say; “a parcel of idle, extravagant, good-for-nothing varlets, that don't earn so much as salt to their porridge, and eat you out of house and home: I tell you, John, if you don't send one half of them packing, and make the other half do their duty, you are a ruined man. The tenants are getting so poor that they can't pay their rents, and are going over to Jonathan's farms by dozens, while you go on spending away and boasting of your riches, as if you had a mine of gold in your breeches-pocket, instead of a parcel of good-for-nothing paper-rags, and did not owe more than all your estate would sell for to-morrow. I tell you, John Bull, you must reform—reform, John, I say, or you'll be a bankrupt before you know where you are.”

“Reform !” quoth the squire—“Reform ! I’ll be switched if I do. Who ever heard of a man of my age reforming, except when he was on his last legs, hey ? Now I am a hale, hearty fellow ; it will be time enough for me to reform a dozen years hence.”

Mrs. Bull began to quiz John about his legs, which she said looked like a pair of drumsticks, and shook under him every step he walked.

“You a hale, hearty fellow !—ha, ha—marry, come up, you ? Why, you look like an old, battered, worn-out glutton, who has rolled into a lump of bloated flesh, and cannot go until, like a clock, you have been wound up every Sunday morning. Your dancing days are over, John.”

“Are they, by jingo ?” cried the squire. “I’ll show you, my dear.”

And he tried to cut a great caper, but was seized with such a twinge that he roared out lustily, while Mrs. Bull laughed ready to split her sides.

“Well, my dear,” quoth the squire, whom the twinge had brought to reason, “I believe I am growing a little old.”

“Indeed are you, John ; and, as I said before, it is high time for you to think about reforming. You have been a sad fellow in your day, and don’t know how soon you may die, leaving me a disconsolate widow, a lone woman, with nobody to care for her.”

“Well, well, I’ll think of it, my dear,” answered

John, whom the idea of being near his end had made very penitent for the time being, as is the case with most people.

They parted for the present ; and John went to consult some of his overseers and stewards, of whom he had six times as many as was good for him. One of these cunning varlets, who hated the very ghost of reform much more than he did the old boy himself, thought, if he could only make John a little jealous of his wife, he might escape for this time. So he began to insinuate that Jonathan had been putting some of his Yankee notions into her head ; and as he had begun by seducing his tenants, had ended by undermining the virtue of his wife.

“You’re right !—you’re right ! I see it all as plain as daylight,” cried the squire, throwing up his right hand, and slapping his fat thigh with the other. “The unnatural, infamous, underhand, sneaking son of a—hem !—not quite so bad as that, either. But, if I don’t be even with the young rascal, my name is not John Bull. And madam too ! I must reform ! I’m an old fellow, forsooth—she’s found that out, has she ? I’m over head and ears in debt, am I ? ‘I can’t walk without my legs shaking under me,’ says buxom Mrs. Bull. She’s found out the difference betwixt an old fellow and a young one, has she ? No honest woman could have made the discovery, and be hanged to her. But I’ll be even with them both. I’ll challenge the young rascal, and turn my wife out of doors.”

He was going to set about it, when the cunning varlet of a steward reminded the squire, in the gentlest manner possible, of the duel they had together a few years before; and that while the squire with great submission had grown old since, and was obliged to walk with a stick, Jonathan had been waxing bigger and bigger, and stronger and stronger every day. He concluded by advising him, as the best mode of putting a stop to the farther seductions of the young villain, to hold him up to the world, his tenants, and his wife, as one of the greatest rogues and blackguards in the whole world. By this course Jonathan would get such a bad character no decent woman would dare to keep company with him.

“Why, body o’ me!” quoth the squire, “haven’t I tried that already a dozen times? It won’t do—I tell you it won’t do, for all I can say about that young rascal only makes everybody fall in love with him the more. The men all pull off their hats to him, and the women run after him like a flock of sheep. Body o’ me! I begin to suspect he is a pretty decent sort of a fellow, and in time will come to do credit to the father who begat him, hey?”

“Yes,” replied the varlet, with a sneer, “you’d better invite him over to the manor, and give him a fair chance with the old lady.”

This stung John to the quick, and after scratching his head, chattering at random, and stamping

about like a man in a quandary, he suddenly stopped and asked the varlet what he should do. He told the squire that as to challenging Jonathan, that would be rather an expensive concern, and the issue very doubtful. It might end in a broken head and an empty pocket. On the whole, there was no other way than to persuade Mrs. Bull that Jonathan was beneath her notice, being a low-lived simpleton of a country bumpkin, whose sentiments, character, and person would disgrace any lady that kept company with him.

"But what shall I do to keep my tenants from hankering so after Jonathan's farms, and adopting all his Yankee notions, hey?"

"Tell them that Jonathan don't eat with silver forks," quoth the other.

"Body o' me! so I will; if that don't do his business, I'm mistaken."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Squire Bull sent over one Corporal Smelfungus to smell out Jonathan's enormities, and who this corporal was.

JOHN was determined this time to be particular in his selection of a person to do Jonathan's business, and leave him no more character than some people that shall be nameless. Accordingly, after considerable search, he found out a fellow called Smelfungus, which I have heard was a nickname, given him on account of his always curling up his nose as if he smelt something disagreeable. He was one of the greatest grumblers in the whole manor of Bullock, which is full of them, and never was known to be pleased with anybody or thing but himself. They say he was born grumbling, and it was foretold that he would die grumbling, as his father and mother did before him. Such, indeed, was his propensity to this amusement, that not being able to grumble sufficiently by word of mouth, he learned to write on purpose that he might grumble on paper at the same time, and thus, as it were, kill two birds with one stone. Smelfungus was moreover a scandalous dog, and did not always stick to the truth, though he pretended to be a pious man, and very much of a gentleman withal.

For my part, from what I have heard, I believe he was about as much of one as the other.

He professed to be a great stickler for good manners, though he did not practice them much himself—a nice judge of dress, though he was seldom seen in a clean shirt—and a great critic in silver forks, as most people admire what they seldom see. But what he most valued himself upon was a certain air of gentility, which he had acquired by shaving himself once a week before a piece of a looking-glass. Altogether, he was a poor creature enough, and only fit for the dirty job he was about being employed in. There are people made for every thing, and Smelfungus was predestined to write libels on his fellow-creatures.

The squire opened his project to Corporal Smelfungus, who snapped at it with a sort of instinctive eagerness. It was the very thing he preferred, above all others. Then the squire told him his suspicions that Jonathan had been tampering with Mrs. Bull, and that this was the true secret of her talking so much confounded nonsense about reforming his household, letting his tenants vote at town-meetings, and twitting him continually about Jonathan having more money than he knew what to do with, making his tenants so comfortable that they hardly knew what to do with themselves, and doing more about his house with a few smart hands, than he, Squire Bull, did with a housefull of lazy, lubberly servants. He said he had caught her sev-

eral times casting a sheep's eye towards Jonathan's farms, and quoting him as an example to his old father.

Smelfungus hereupon advised the squire to get a divorce, as he had a right to do by the laws of the manor; but John shook his head, and said that ten to one he would only get a worse termagant, for it seemed to him that the whole neighbourhood was infected with Jonathan's example, and running stark mad with reform. The corporal, who, like all the little varmints who sneak about rich old codgers such as Squire Bull, and live by picking their pockets, hated the word reform worse than poison, for fear it should begin with him. The corporal, I say, was as angry as a puddle in a storm, and grumbled out that he would soon do Jonathan's business.

"I'll leave him no—no more character—than—than—"

"Than you have yourself—hey, corporal?" quoth the squire, and fell into an honest, jolly laugh, such as he used to enjoy in old times, before he set himself up for a great bully, and got over head and ears in debt, for the sake of maintaining his character as a fine gentleman, to which he had little or no pretensions. He was, in truth, a sturdy, off-hand, frank old fellow enough, except towards his son Jonathan, who, because he had begotten him, he thought he might abuse as much as he pleased; but as to being a fine gentleman, it was all in my eye and Betty Martin. Though he aped

the fine folks among his neighbours, he did it so awkwardly, that everybody said he might better stick to the respectable character of a country squire, hunt foxes, live among his tenants instead of travelling about to learn how to become a fine gentleman forsooth, and spend his money among those that earned it, instead of throwing it away on fiddlers, dancers, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth.

But John did not mind all this. The greatest fool in the world is an old fool, for there is no hope of his living to grow wiser.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How Corporal Smelfungus gloriously succeeded in his mission, and what miraculous effects his relation had on Mrs. Bull and the Squire's tenants.

WHEN Corporal Smelfungus got over to Jonathan's farms, that hospitable young fellow feasted him heartily, and showed him every attention, as was his custom towards strangers, of whose good word he was apt to think more than it deserved.

But the corporal was determined beforehand to be pleased with nothing, being, as I said before, set upon undeceiving Mrs. Bull and the squire's tenantry, and rescuing them from Brother Jonathan's seductions. He maintained the former was no better than she should be, and the latter a parcel of drivellers, to think the squire could learn any thing worth knowing from such a snivelling, mint-sling rum-jockey, who had no more manners than a bear, and no more morals than a pickpocket.

He went about raking up all the old stories that had been hatched against Brother Jonathan for a hundred years past, and invented as many more as he could; but it was not a great many, being rather a dull fellow, with more illnature than wit, and more malignity than invention. The truth is, he was not a little put to it to find matter for running

down Jonathan. His tenants were so well off, their rents so low, and they had such a plenty to eat and drink, that the corporal did not know exactly where to take hold of him, and was obliged to turn up his nose at the merest trifles, for want of something better.

One day being at breakfast at a tavern, he luckily saw a mustard-pot upset on the table, upon which he noted it down carefully, that Jonathan could never eat his meals without upsetting all the mustard, and did not know how to behave like a gentleman.

The next thing he did was to find fault with the great size of Jonathan's beefsteaks, which he swore were as big as newspapers, and enough to take away a man's stomach to look at. But what was worse than all this, he had no silver forks at his table, and none but barbarians could eat without silver forks.

Happening to see a young fellow, who was an officer in the militia, in his everyday clothes, wearing a dirk to show he was a soldier, the corporal put it down in his memorandum-book that all Jonathan's tenants wore dirks, and did not mind killing a neighbour any more than they did murdering the squire's English, as he called it. Every man he saw that had but one eye, he concluded had been gouged to a certainty; and if any one happened to ask him the hour, instead of pulling out his turnip and answering him in a civil manner, he set

him down as an impertinent, guessing, inquisitive Yankee, as Jonathan's tenants were commonly called. But he did not tell them so to their faces, for fear of being gouged.

There was an old joke, got up in a good-humoured way, about some of Jonathan's tenants away Down East selling wooden nutmegs, and playing other such pranks upon the people of Southlands; this the corporal got hold of, for he was very industrious in picking up such things, and thereupon set down the people Down East as a parcel of rogues.

Sometimes he employed himself whole days counting how many times the people spit; at others he would stand with his watch in his hand, calculating how many minutes they were in swallowing their dinner, and how many times they drank at their meals; or in listening to the free, off-hand talking of the tenants, to find out whether they spoke good grammar; and whenever he got a chance, he would pimp into the bedchambers, to see if they had any clean towels, combs, wash-hand basins, and proper conveniences under the bed. Happening to find a dirty napkin one day in a miserable tavern, in a room without a comb, he snapped his fingers in triumph, and swore Jonathan's tenants did not know what clean napkins were, and combed their hair with currycombs. When he could find nothing to set him going, he scratched his pate, and passed his time grum-

bling about democratic licentiousness, and universal suffrage. All this he called speculating, generalizing, and philosophizing.

Having a great taste, like most of Squire Bull's tenants, for seeing people hanged, he went all through Jonathan's farms to find out a gallows, and being disappointed in his search, relieved his mortification by putting down in his memorandums that there was no such thing as punishing a criminal, and that it required great interest to get hanged there. All this time he was feasting and carousing it lustily among the tenants, who little thought they had an illnatured, grumbling, tattling curmundgeon among them, spying out their little oddities, and inventing scandals when he could not find any ready made to his hands. Once or twice, indeed, he got taken down pretty handsomely. The first time was when he attempted to walk over a dinner-table, to show his breeding; and the next when he undertook to sprawl himself at full length on a sofa, among some of Jonathan's ladies. These little rubs only made him ten times the more spiteful, and he paid poor Jonathan off in his memorandums.

When he had collected together all the scandal and tittle-tattle, and pumped out of the old women all the private anecdotes they had stored up for fifty years past, he went back to Bullock Island, chuckling at his great success, and thinking to himself how he should stump Mrs. Bull and

the drivellers, who had been seduced by Brother Jonathan into an admiration of his parts, and an imitation of his Yankee notions.

"Well, corporal," cried the squire, as soon as he laid eyes on him—"well, my fine fellow, have you dished that rebellious rogue, my son Jonathan—hey, baby? come, let's see what you have got; out with it my hearty!" and he rubbed his hands, in expectation of a high treat from the corporal's muster-roll.

Corporal Smelfungus thereupon pulled out a whole bundle of smutty paper; for he was rather a dirty little fellow, and always carried his snuff in his breeches-pocket, and began to read off what he had set down in a pompous manner, as though it had been well worth hearing, the squire all the time rubbing his hands, snapping his fingers, and drinking the corporal's health every two minutes.

"Body o' me!" he would cry out every now and then, "body o' me! what will Madam Bull say to that, and what will those great blockheads, my tenants, think of this. By cox-body, corporal, but I think this will do the business, and put an end to Master Jonathan's seductions." Then would he strut about the room, the corporal following, and ever and anon having a fling at honest Jonathan out of his memorandums. After this, nothing would do but he must go to his wife and tell her all about it.

The good lady was a little stumped at Jonathan's having no silver forks, though, for the matter of that, it was but a little while since the squire had begun to use them at great doings and holydays. All the rest of the time he kept them locked up for fear his servants would steal them, I suppose. Women, I have observed, think a great deal of such matters ; and the very hardest thing they can say of a man is, that he is not genteel. Men don't mind these trifles so much, except in so far as they approach to the feelings and habits of women. Mrs. Bull thought to herself it was better to have silver forks and nothing to eat with them, than to have plenty of victuals and no silver forks. Jonathan, therefore, began rapidly to fall from her good graces.

As the corporal proceeded to read how Jonathan swallowed his meat without chewing it, piled up his bones by the side of his plate, instead of eating them like a gentleman, and combed his hair with a currycomb, Mrs. Bull began to make wry faces ; but when, by way of a doxology, the corporal read out in an audible voice how Jonathan cracked his eggs at the wrong end, she gave a loud shriek, and fell into the squire's arms in a fit. When she came to again, she gave the squire a hearty smack, and promised faithfully to have no more to say to a fellow that had no silver forks, and broke his eggs at the wrong end.

"By the glory of my ancestors," cried John,

“but you’re the man for my money, after all, corporal. What shall I do for you, my brave fellow, hey? Hum—ha—I have it. I’ll make you superintendent of the Bridewell, where you shall teach the bad women to be genteel.” The corporal kissed his hand as in duty bound.

“But, body o’ me!” said the squire, after a little while; “now we’ve done the old woman’s business, let us go and get my rascally tenants out of Jonathan’s seductions.”

Accordingly, they went round among them, the corporal all the while reading out of his muster-roll of dirty paper, until they got a great crowd about them.

“There, there!” said the squire, when they came to the silver forks; “what think you of that, you discontented blockheads, hey?”

“Silver forks!” said the tenants; “we never saw any in the whole course of our lives; and, for the matter of that, we don’t care what sort of forks we have if you will only allow us enough to eat.”

“Body o’ me!” said the squire, “what a set of blockheads!”

Then the corporal came to cracking the eggs; the squire again rubbed his hands, and cried out—

“There, boys, there! What think you of that, hey?”

“We avent heaten hany heggs these ten years. They hall go to the parson and the landlord,” replied they.

"Hum!" said the squire.

But when the corporal came to the beefsteaks, they all cried out in astonishment—

"Beefsteaks as big as newspapers! Come, boys, let's be off." And away they scampered, shouting—

"Huzza for Brother Jonathan and his big beefsteaks!"

The squire looked askance at the corporal, and the corporal at the squire.

"Corporal," quoth John, "either I or my tenants are the greatest blockheads in existence."

"That's as clear as preaching," quoth the corporal; and away he went to take possession of his office.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How Brother Jonathan got out of patience sometimes with the Squire, and scolded back again pretty handsomely.

WHEN Jonathan, who never failed to buy all the books put forth by these rogues, for he had a great curiosity to hear what other folks said of him—when Jonathan, I say, saw how John Bull had clapperclawed his character he got out of all patience, and would often exclaim—

“I’ll be darned if this old father of mine isn’t a little too bad by half. Here he is palavering me every day of his life, and telling me he wants to be friends; and yet he does nothing but get his plaguy schoolmasters and old women to abuse me like a pickpocket. I’ll be switched if I don’t be even with him, or my name isn’t Jonathan.”

And then he fell to work, putting it into the squire pretty handsomely, swearing he was the biggest liar that ever broke bread, and contradicting all John said of him with such zeal, that he sometimes denied what, to my mind, was very much to his credit.

The truth is, that Jonathan, who had now grown to be pretty much of a man, and carried his head

Something high in the neighbourhood, though a fine, vigorous, well-looking young dog as ever was seen, and withal a shrewd, sensible, high-spirited fellow, had a bad habit of imitating Squire Bull in almost every thing he did, whether good, bad, or indifferent. It was enough for him that John Bull did this, and said that—that he dressed after such and such a fashion, and held such and such opinions, he was pretty sure to talk, and think, and dress, and do every thing just like the squire, without once reflecting that what might be well enough for an old superannuated fellow like Bull, was the last thing becoming in a sprightly, vigorous, spring-all, who never took a dose of physic in his life, and could jump over a six-rail fence without touching. All this never once came into his head; and indeed it was natural enough that he should take after his old dad, though, to say truth, he never received much kindness at his hands, and owed him more for kicks than coppers.

But, I must say, I should have liked Jonathan much better had he made use of his own gumption in these matters, and not aped the old squire in all his follies, a the same time, he was bragging that he didn't care a brass farthing for him or his opinions. I always thought it showed a want of spirit in Jonathan, for whose good name I would at any time lay down my life, seeing I owe all I have in the world to his liberality and kindness as a landlord. If he could only get over this disgraceful

foible, and have an opinion of his own, he would be thought much better of by all his neighbours. But he was always setting himself up for a fine gentleman, forsooth, and tacking Squire or Honourable to his name, instead of passing for an honest and independent country farmer, as he really was.

Be this as it may, Jonathan paid the squire back as good as he sent, and called him as many hard names as John called him, which indeed was somewhat excuseable, as the squire always began first, and if he had held his tongue, everybody might have thought all Bull said of him was gospel. It was almost a pity to see such near relations, each of whom had a great many good points about him, cutting at one another at such a cruel rate; and yet one could not help laughing to see John Bull, who ten times a day called Jonathan a lying, cheating, spitting, gouging, guessing, drinking republican sinner, complaining of him for an ungrateful rascal, because he did not love his daddy. "Did I not beget the villain with my own hand," would he say; "and did I not physic him with a dose of patent medicine, made up of thirty-nine excellent articles, each one enough to cure a saint? and did I not pay special attention to his safety when he got to be big enough to take care of himself? and didn't I, out of pure fatherly affection, keep him short of pocket-money, that he might not run into mischief? and didn't I allow him to set up for himself when I couldn't help it? and don't I every

day of my life act the part of a kind parent, by telling the upstart young puppy of his faults, as in duty bound? and didn't I beget him? Let him answer me that, the good-for-nothing, drinking, cheating, spitting, gouging, guessing, fighting, talking, bragging, disobedient, ungrateful young varlet?"

The squire forgot that Jonathan had too much of the Bull blood in him to play the spaniel, and crouch the more, the more you kicked him. He might be coaxed to lick your hand by kindness, but it would have taken even a stouter fellow than the squire, who was no chicken, to frighten or beat him into it.

In this situation were the affairs of Squire Bull and Brother Jonathan the last I heard of them. Now and then they were mighty civil, and sometimes, when the old squire was in a rare good-humour, he would boast that never man had such a lusty, swaggering boy as Jonathan; and now and then Jonathan would almost believe the old man had forgiven him. But before the civil words were well out of John's mouth, his old habit would come over him as it were, in spite of his teeth, of which, to be sure, he hadn't any to spare, and then, phew! Jonathan got the old grist about his ears, and became again a spitting, guessing, gouging, cheating, bragging, cowardly, ill-bred, ill-begotten, ill-favoured, ungrateful, rebellious Yankee Doodle rascal.

All the while the neighbours stood looking on, laughing to see them pulling one another to pieces in this way, while the more sensible sort shook their heads, and observed THAT SQUIRE BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN WERE TOO MUCH ALIKE EVER TO BE RIGHT-DOWN GOOD FRIENDS.

THE HISTORY
OF
UNCLE SAM AND HIS BOYS.

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A TALE FOR POLITICIANS.

ONCE upon a time there lived, and lives still, in a country lying far to the west, a famous squire, rich in lands and paper money. Report made him out to be the son of John Bull, who every one knows has children in all parts of the world. But, if the truth were known, I believe he had a great many fathers, though his mother was a very honest woman, for he looked like as many people as there were hairs on his chin. But old Squire Bull had the credit of being his father, and truly there was a great likeness between them. Like Bull, he was somewhat given to boasting, tippling, fighting, and sailing boats; and was apt to hold his neighbours in contempt, dubbing them a pack of snivelling, pitiful rascals, that did not dare to call their souls their own, or look their king in the face, as every cat had a right to do. He took after his father in another respect; that is to say, nobody could tell which he was most fond of, making money like a

horse, or spending it like an ass. But for all this he did not so much favour John Bull, but that you could now and then catch an expression in his face that put you in mind of everybody you had ever seen in the world.

John Bull had christened this son of his by the name of Jonathan; but by-and-by, when he became a man grown, being a good hearty fellow, about half horse half alligator, his friends and neighbours gave him the nickname of Uncle Sam; a sure sign that they liked him, for I never knew a respectable nickname given to a scurvy fellow in my life. Be this as it may, his family and all his neighbours at last came to call him nothing else but Uncle Sam; and all his beef, pork, and flour, in fact every thing that belonged to him, was marked with a huge U. S., six inches long. As I have a great respect for universal example, I shall give him this name in the sequel of my history, which I hereby commend to the special attention of all wise men, more especially the wise men of the east. As to the fools, everybody knows they are so scarce now-a-days, that I hereby snap my fingers and defy them.

I flatter myself no man living is better qualified for this piece of biography. Uncle Sam and I have been hand and glove these fifty years. Many are the bouts we have had together when boys; many the frolics we have kicked up among the buxom young hussies, who are now all honest,

sober mothers of families ; and many the bottles we have cracked together at sundry times and on divers occasions, during the good old days when, if a man did not choose to be merry sometimes himself, he did not cry out against those who did. Uncle Sam was a sad fellow at racoon hunting, and a barbecue was his delight, until it got to be the custom to talk politics and make long speeches at them.

Uncle Sam, in early life, gave some offence to his father about going to the meeting-house instead of the church. One word brought on another, until John Bull at length took to beating the poor fellow into conformity with his notions. He was a lad of spirit, that would put up with this from no man, not even his father ; and accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, he packed up his all, and little enough it was, and marched off into the wide world to seek his fortune.

You may suppose Uncle Sam had but little to begin with ; but he was a stirring blade, who did not mind trouble at first, if he could only see his way clear to something better in the end. He set himself to the business of clearing and selling new lands. As fast as he became pretty comfortable in one farm, he sold out at a profit and set off for another ; so that he was seldom or ever more than two or three years in the same place. But for all this he never lost sight of the main chance ; for there was nothing on the face of the earth he

loved so dearly as a bargain or a profitable speculation. By good management and good luck he at last got to have a vast property in lands, which he was every day adding to by buying out the Indians, or taking farms for debts that were owing him. In short, he prospered in all his undertakings, and became, in process of time, a great man among his neighbours. But to my mind he was not above half as clever a fellow as when he was poor. Then he was a jolly, careless, high-minded dog—generous as a prince, and hospitable as a Turk. He would swear a little at times, but he never meant any harm by it. But as he got rich, he set himself to be mighty genteel; aped the manners of all the would-be fashionable stragglers that came that way; never invited anybody to his house except to show off his new finery, and left off all his honest old habits by little and little.

The fact is, and I don't care who knows it, he took to canting, and turned the embroidered side of his jacket outwards, as a Turk does when he goes to court. Many people doubted whether he was any thing the better for this; and, if I must speak my mind, I think he lost more than he gained; for, as respects myself, I had rather a man should swear and drink punch a little, than pick my pocket while he is canting about brotherly love and good-will to all men. If Uncle Sam is angry at this, let him scratch his back and get pleased again.

As Uncle Sam got rich, and withal stout and hearty as a young giant, the neighbouring gentry, who called him an upstart, and looked askance at his prosperity, would shake their heads very wisely and cry out, "Ah! poor man, to be sure he looks well and hearty; but anybody can see with half an eye he is not long for this world." And then they would sigh and take a pinch of snuff to the success of their prognostications. But it happened somehow or other that every attack he had, and every rub he met with, only served to show the strength of his constitution, and make it still stronger, until at last these false prophets began to say to themselves, "The rogue will certainly last for ever."

Now I don't pretend to say this would have been the case, seeing there is an end of all things; but I verily believe he would have lived to a happy and green old age, had it not been for the undutiful behaviour of his children, which made his latter days one scene of trouble and turmoil.

You must know that as soon as Uncle Sam thought himself able to maintain a family comfortably, he got him a wife, who proved an excellent housekeeper, and in the course of twice as many years his children amounted to four-and-twenty; all jolly, strapping, roystering blades, with the exception of two or three, that were rather stunted in the growth, or, as Uncle Sam used to say in joke, "shrunk in the boiling." These last

were rather conceited and jealous, as most little people I believe are.

As fast as these lads grew up, Uncle Sam portioned them off on his farms, which they were to pay for when they were able, at very low prices. They all turned out pretty clever, industrious fellows, with the exception of here and there one who was rather lazy, and got all his work done by negroes. They all differed in some respects; but there was a family likeness among them—all took after the mother, who was a pretty considerable particular talker. One was a famous fellow for cod-fishing; another a great hand at splitting shingles; a third was an amateur of road-making and ditching; a fourth was mighty fond of barbecues, taking after his father in that particular; a fifth dealt largely in wooden bowls and onions; a sixth was a great cultivator of rice and cotton; a seventh was a pretty high-handed fellow, fond of a good horse, and of an independent, open-hearted spirit; and so on. They all lived together like loving brothers, having a rich father who could do what he pleased with his money—that is to say, they were as jealous of each other as two cocks running in the same yard.

If Uncle Sam made a Christmas-present to one, or conferred a particular kindness on another, there was the deuse to pay among the rest. They accused the old man of being more partial to one than the other, and never gave him any rest till he

put them all on a level ; which he had no sooner done than they, one and all, began to grumble and find fault, saying the poor man was in his dotage, only because he had not given each one a preference over his brother. Uncle Sam sometimes said to himself, "Happy is the man who has nothing to give away, for his children won't quarrel about his estate."

But this was not the worst of it. The old Harry got into them about improving their farms, which they all swore was Uncle Sam's business ; he was devouring all the money they could rake and scrape together to pay for the lands he had sold them. They said it was a sin and a shame for him to make them pay every thing, seeing they were his natural born children, entitled to bed, board, education, and an outfit. Besides, the old man was now become so rich he did not know what to do with his money, and it was actually a kindness to rid him of its management in his old age.

Thus these cunning varlets agreed in the propriety of sharing Uncle Sam's money, but they fell out about the manner of dividing it, like a parcel of undutiful rogues as they were. The big fellows argued that they ought to share according to weight, and insisted they should all go down to the mill and be weighed. But the little fellows who had been "shrunk in the boiling" demurred to this, and swore it was all in my eye, Betty Martin. They were as much the lawful sons of Uncle Sam

as the best and biggest of them, and were determined to have their share at the point of the bayonet. There was one little fellow particularly, who lived on an island about as big as my thumb-nail, who talked like a giant, and threatened to dissolve the family union and set up for himself if they did not treat him like a full-grown man. They had a great many hard bouts at words, and some of the neighbours feared they would come together by the ears. But though they quarrelled like so many old women, like old women, they seldom came to blows. They had a sort of sneaking kindness for one another at the bottom, which always prevented their proceeding to extremities.

But for all this they were for ever falling out about nothing, or some trifle next to nothing, and never gave each other a good word except when they all put their heads together, as they often did, to diddle Uncle Sam out of a few thousands for the improvement of their farms. Fortunately, however, for the old man's pocket, it was seldom they could agree about the division of the spoils, or it would not have been long before he was as poor as a rat.

Be this as it may, the good man had no peace of his life, and was several times on the point of making over all his property to build meeting-houses, and educate the children of other people. Certain it is, he had good reason to do so, for these undutiful boys left him no rest day or night on ac-

count of his money. Not being able to agree to the plan of dividing Uncle Sam's surplus income according to weight, it was proposed to do it by measure; but here again the little fellows that were "shrunk in the boiling" made a most infernal rout, and opposed it tooth and nail. They swore they were as good as the big fellows any day in the week, and as much the sons of Uncle Sam as the others; and they insisted that the apportionment should be made according to merit, not weight or size. They all agreed to this, and the matter was just on the point of being amicably settled, had it not been for a trifling difficulty which occurred in adjusting the scale of merit. The roystering barbecue fellow swore he was equal to any man you could throw a stick at; the splitter of shingles maintained the superiority of his art; the young squire, who was fond of riding a fine horse and doing nothing, declared he considered himself the most of a gentleman; the raisers of rice and cotton claimed precedence on the score of administering both to the back and stomach; and the little fellow that lived on his island put in his claim on the score of morality. This would not do, and so the old man escaped being plundered this time.

But these fine boys had another iron in the fire, which they heated till it was red hot. Quoth one of the cunning varlets, I believe it was the barbecue chap, "Let us set about improving our farms, and

make the old boy pay the piper"—upon which they all agreed, and set up a hurrah about internal improvement, which used in old times to be considered improvement of mind and morals, but now means digging ditches, pulling up snags, and making roads through the desert.

Upon this one of them went and set up a loom in his back building, as he said, for the encouragement of domestic industry, and hired other people to come and tend it. When he had done this, he went to Uncle Sam, and insisted he should give him a handful or two of money, to encourage him in such patriotic and praiseworthy undertakings.

"Stop, there, my little fellow," cried the biggest brother of all, who had a fist like a sledge-hammer; "stop, if you please, I have set up my looms at my own expense; and I'll be switch'd if the old man is going to pay you for doing what I have done for myself."

Then another chap of the family set up a blacksmith shop for making hobnails, and made the same claim to touch a few thousands of the old gentleman's money for the encouragement of domestic industry, which about this time began to be very low-spirited, and wanted a little patting.

"Avast, there, you land-lubber," exclaimed one of the brothers, a bold, hearty Jack tar, who had sailed round and round the world, and was a mighty navigator. "Avast, there, none of your fresh water gabble. I should like to know the

reason why you should be paid for making hobnails any more than I am for building ships. Avast, there, I say, you lubber, or I'll be foul of your dead-lights."

Next came another brother, who was a great hand at raising sheep, which he called being a wool-grower, to demand that as people could not exist without clothes, Uncle Sam should shell out a few dollars to reward him for being a great public benefactor.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the cotton-growing brother, "where one man is clothed in wool, a thousand wear cotton. Why not encourage me, then, instead of this woolly fellow? Away with your bleating, or I'll be into your mutton before you can say Jack Robinson."

Next came a sober, sedate, economical brother, who had set up a shoe-shop, and wanted Uncle Sam's protection—that is to say, some of his money.

"Rot your sole," cried the high-handed gentleman, who despised hard work, and had rather ride a blood horse than make his own shoes a thousand times. "What are you talking about there? It's mighty natural, to be sure, that you should be asking encouragement for making shoes. If it were horse-shoes now, I'd talk to you." So saying, he mounted his horse, and challenged Uncle Sam to run a race for a thousand dollars.

After this, for there was no end of their perse-

cution of the poor old man—after this came another brother, a great mechanical genius, who had invented a machine for peeling apples, and wanted encouragement of Uncle Sam for the great saving of time and labour in making apple-pies.

“Whoo! whoo! whoop!” cried the wild, harem-scarem, barbecue boy, one of Uncle Sam’s youngest sons, who had just settled a town away off west, and had not yet thrown off his moccasins; “whoop! mister, mind which way you point your rifle there—I can turn a flip-flap somerset, grease your head with bear’s meat, and swallow you whole without a pang. You’d better take ’keer how you steer your steamboat, or you’ll run foul of a snag.”

By-and-by came another of this hopeful family, with a long story of the great advantage Uncle Sam would derive from clearing out a ditch, at his own expense, for the benefit of other people.

Here the great big fellow mentioned before, who was the richest of the brothers, put in his oar and cried out—

“None of that fun, Brother Jonathan; I’ve done all my own ditching myself, and I’ll be tetotally ramswised if I am going to let daddy pay you for what I did all myself. Dig your own ditches, my boy, as I have done.”

Then came a fine fellow, one of the young fry, who wanted to persuade Uncle Sam to pony up for a lane he was about making from his barn to

his bog-meadow, which he assured the old man would be a vast public improvement; for that, whereas his carts stuck in the mud now, they would be able to get along like a streak of lightning as soon as the improvement was made.

“Thunder and blarney!” exclaimed three or four of the elder brothers all at once, “haven’t we made our own roads at our own cost, and without asking daddy for a cent; and do you think, you snivelling blockhead, we’ll stand by and see the old man cheated out of what belongs to us?”

“Goody gracious!” at length cried Uncle Sam, throwing up his eyes, “goody gracious! what can be the matter with these boys? I believe they mean to eat me up alive! I wish—I wish I was as poor as Job’s turkey.”

Now all that was required for Uncle Sam to be just as he wished, was to let the boys have all his money, as they wanted to do. But what is very remarkable, he never thought of this, and continued wishing himself poor, without once hitting on the best possible way of becoming so.

Things went on, getting worse and worse, for some time afterwards. Uncle Sam was almost every day pestered for money to pay for some improvement or other in the boys farms. He kept an account of these, and the amount they would cost, and found that it would take all he was worth in the world, and more besides, to get through with half of them. So one day he put his hands in his

breeches pockets, and swore roundly they were a brood of ungrateful rogues, that wanted to get him on the parish, and not another penny would he pony up for man or beast.

This raised a terrible hue and cry among the boys, who threatened to disinherit the old man and set up for themselves. But he was a pretty stiff old fellow when his pluck was up, and he thought himself in the right. You might as well try to move a mountain as Uncle Sam, when he put his foot down and toed the mark. He told the boys he had honest debts to pay, and meant to pay every penny he owed in the world before he began to talk about laying out money in improvements.

These graceless young rogues were a little stumped at the stand Uncle Sam had taken, and began to plot together to turn the old man out of house and home, and take possession of all his estate, as soon as they could bring matters to bear. Accordingly, they went about among their neighbours and people, insinuating that the old man was in his dotage, and could not manage his affairs any longer. It was high time, they said, that he should give up his estates into their hands, and set about preparing for a better world. They raised all sorts of stories against him, as how he did not care any more about the law or the gospel than a pagan ; how he tucked up people just for the pleasure of seeing them kick their heels in the air ; and how he threatened to cut off the ears of a member

of Congress, only because he told stories about him.

In this way these roystering boys raised a great clamour against Uncle Sam, which imboldened them at last to hatch a diabolical plan for taking away all his lands at one blow. They were not content with getting them by degrees, to pay for the schooling of their children, building school-houses, teaching dumb people philosophy, and a thousand other ways, but they now determined to make one business of it, and strip the old gentleman as bare as my hand.

Not finding any law for this, they determined to get one passed for the purpose; accordingly they went among the people, and told them a hundred cock-and-bull stories about this, that, and the other thing. They swore the land of right belonged to them when they came of age, according to an old settlement, which declared that Uncle Sam's children should all share his estates equally after his death. But they kept the last part to themselves, as you may suppose, and pretended that they had a right to take the old man's property while he was alive. Besides, they would say, the poor old gentleman don't know what to do with so much land; half of it lies waste for want of proper attention, and if we only had it, we would make it ten times more valuable, and pay the taxes, which he is exempted from, by virtue of an old charter.

The notion of getting money by taxation is a

bait which generally takes with people whose business is law-making, not tax-paying, as I have always heard. So the legislature which governed where Uncle Sam's property lay, rubbed their hands, and were mightily tickled with the notion of being able to squeeze a little money from Uncle Sam's new lands. Perceiving this argument told, the boys hatched another notion, about Uncle Sam receiving all the money for the lands he sold, and then forcing those who bought them to work their fingers to the bone to make themselves whole again, as if this were not the way all over the world.

Uncle Sam defended his bacon to the last, like a stout old hero as he was ; but by degrees the influence of these ungrateful rogues prevailed, and a law was passed taking away all his property, dividing it equally among the boys, so that those who were "shrunk in the boiling" got the same portion as the big roystering blades, who, rather than not come in for a slice, consented at last to share and share equally. They were all specially enjoined to take care of Uncle Sam, and see that he wanted for nothing ; but the poor old man fared pretty much as people generally do who make over all their property to their children in their life-time. At first they treated him pretty well, for decency's sake ; but by degrees they began to deprive him of all his usual comforts. First they took away his pipe, because the young madams the sons had

married could not bear tobacco-smoke. Then the eldest boy took possession of his arm-chair, and his seat in the chimney-corner. Next they took the blankets from his bed, because, they said, it would injure his health to lie too warm ; and next they all but starved him to death, for fear he should die of apoplexy. Finally, losing all respect for the ties of blood, and all recollection of the early benefits they had derived from the good old man, they fairly turned him out of doors. The last I heard of Uncle Sam he was in the poor-house.

THE END

